

THE  
MISERY  
OF  
CIVIL-WAR.

A  
TRAGEDY,

As it is Acted at the

DUKE'S Theatre,

By His Royal Highnesses Servants.

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Written by Mr. CROWN.

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LONDON,

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# PROLOGUE.

**R**eligious Broyles to such a height are grown,  
All the sweet sound of Poetry they drown.  
Were Orpheus here, his Lute might charm our Beasts,  
Our Mastiffs, not our Rabble, or our Priests.  
Good Heaven! Sirs! are there no other ways  
To damn the Pope, but damning all our Plays?  
To our Religion 'tis no Praise at all,  
That, if our Wit must stand, our Faith must fall.  
All parties in a Play-House may agree,  
The Stage is priviledg'd from Piety.  
'Tis pleasant, Sirs, to see you fight and brawl  
About Religion, but have none at all.  
Most fiercely for the Road to Heav'n contend,  
But never care to reach the Journeys end.  
Though you lose Heaven, you will keep the Way,  
The Pope sha'n't have you, though the Devil may.  
These things such business for the Criticks find,  
They're not at leasure Poetry to mind,  
Well for the Poet 'tis they're so employ'd;  
Else this poor Work of his wou'd be destroy'd.  
For by his feeble Skill 'tis built alone,  
The Divine Shakespear did not lay one Stone.  
Besides this Tragedy a Rod will prove,  
To whip us for a Fault, we too much Love,  
And have for ages liv'd, call'd Civil Strife.  
The English Nation, like a Russian Wife,  
Is to a gentle Husband always curst,  
And loves him best, who uses her the worst.  
This Poet, (though perhaps in Colours faint)  
Those scurvy Joys does in all Postures Paint  
Fools take in pelting out each others Brains:  
A joy, for which this Nation oft takes pains.  
If any like the Ills he shews to day,  
Let them be damn'd and let them damn the Play.

The Persons Represented in the Tragedy.

**K**ing Henry the Sixth, By Mr. Joseph Williams.  
Prince Edward, King Henry's Son.

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, } By Mr. David Williams.

Edward, eldest Son of Richard Plantagenet, and after his Fathers death King of England, } By Mr. Smith.

George, Duke of Clarence, second Son of the Duke of York, } By Mr. Bowman.

Richard, the third Son, called Crook-back, } By Mr. Gillow.  
Rutland a Child the youngest Son.

The Great Earl of Warwick, } By Mr. Batterton.

Old Lord Clifford, } By Mr. Pearce.

Young Clifford, his Son, } By Mr. Wiltshire.

Queen Margaret, Wife of King Henry, } Mrs. Leigh.

Lady Grey, the Widow of Sir John Grey, beloved and at length married by King Edward the fourth, } By Mrs. Batterton.

Lady Elianor Butler, a young Lady of great quality that was one of King Edward's Mistresses, } By Mrs. Curren.

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THE  
MISERIES  
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Civil-War.

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ACT. I. SCENE. I.

*A Noise of Fighting; a Shout for Victory.*

*Enter Cade and his Rabble.*

*Cade.* **F**Ling all my dead Subjects into the *Thames*.  
Now say, what place is this?

*Butch.* 'Tis *London-Stone*.

*Cade.* Then am I *Mortimer*, Lord of this City;  
And here, I, sitting upon *London-Stone*,  
Declare, this is the first day of our Reign.  
So I command the Conduits all Pifs Claret:  
And I proclaim it Treason now for any man  
To call me other than Lord *Mortimer*.

*Enter a Souldier running.*

*Sould.* *Jack Cade, Jack! Jack!*

*Cade.* Knock down that sawcy Fellow.

*[A Butcher kill's him.]*

*Butch.* If he has wit, he'll never call thy Honour  
*Jack Cade* again.

B

*Cade.*

*Cade.* I think he has fair warning.

*Enter a Cobler, with a Scrivener.*

*Cob.* My Lord! my Lord!

*Cade.* Well said, a mannerly Fellow.

*Cob.* I have catch'd a Scrivener here, setting Boyes Copies.

*Cade.* Oh! there's a Villain! a corrupter of Youth.

*Cob.* He has a Book in's pocket with red Letters in't.

*Cade.* Then he's a Conjurer.

*Cob.* He can write Bills, and Bonds, and Obligations, to bind People to undo themselves, and pay Money, whether they Can or no; such a Rogue is enough to undo a Nation.

*Cade.* I'm sorry for it, for on my honour he's a proper fellow: He shall not dye unless I find him Guilty.

*Cob.* He shall die, Guilty or not Guilty; I brought him to be Hang'd, and I will not lose my labour. I love hanging, there's Never any hanging, but I leave my Stall to go see it. Hanging-day is my holy-day, and I will keep Coblers holy-day.

*Cade.* We'll hang him, but we'll examine him first.

*Cob.* No hang him first, for now no man will confess, Till after he's hang'd.

*Cade.* I will examine him. — Sirrah! what's thy Name!

*Scriv.* Emanuel.

*Cob.* Emanuel!

That's a strange Name, Friend 'twill go very hard with you.

*Cade.* Let me alone! Friend, dost thou write thy Name, Or use a mark like a plain honest man?

*Scriv.* Sir. I thank Heaven, I have been so well bred, That I can write my name.

*All.* He has confess'd,  
He's a stranger, and a Villain, hang him.

*Cade.* Hang him with his Pen and Ink about his Neck.

*Enter others with the Lord Say Prisoner.*

My Lord, my Lord, a prize an't like thy Honour.  
Here's the Lord Say, who sold the Townes in France,  
And made us pay one and twenty Fifteens  
And a shilling to the pound, last Subsidy.

*Cade.* I will behead him one and twenty times.  
Come scurvy Lord, what canst thou say  
To our Mightiness, for giving up our Towns  
To Monsieur Basimecy, the Dolphin of France?  
Be it known unto thee, Traytor, by these presents,

Even

Even by the presence of my self, Lord *Mortimer*,  
 That I will sweep the world clean of such filth.  
 Thou Trayterously hast built a Grammar-School,  
 To debauch all the youth, and whereas formerly  
 Our Grandfiers us'd no Book, but Score and Tally,  
 Thou hast caus'd wicked Printing to be us'd,  
 And contrary to the King, his Crown and Dignity,  
 Hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be prov'd,  
 That thou hast Servants talk of Nouns and Verbs,  
 And such vile Words no Christian er'e can here.  
 Thou hast appointed Justices of Peace,  
 To call poor men before 'em, about matters  
 They cou'd not answer; yes, and thou hast hang'd 'em,  
 Because they cou'd not read.

*Cob.* There was a Villain!

*Cade.* Thou rid'st upon a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

*Say.* Well what of that?

*Cade.* Why is it not a shame

Thy Horse shou'd weare a Cloak, when honest men  
 Go in their Hose and Doublets?

*Say.* Well, I find

You men of *Kent* ———

*All.* What of us men of *Kent*?

*Say.* That *Kent* is, *bona terra mala gens.*

*Cade.* Bold Traytor, he speaks Latin in my presence.

Go hang him, hang him.

*Say.* Hear me, Country-men.

*Cade.* Hear Latin! Villain? hang him.

*All.* Hang him, hang him. ———

[*They drag him away.*]

*Butch.* We'll hang up every man that can speak Latin.

*Cade.* Well counsel'd *Butcher*, counsel'd like a *Butcher*.

We will, and more, for they are but few.

*Tay.* We'll hang up any man that can speak *French*.

For I'm a *Taylour*, and there is no man

That can speak *French* will let me work a stich for 'em.

*Cob.* We'll hang up all the Lords and Gentlemen.

Spare none but such as go in clouted shoes;

For I'm a *Cobler*, and live by those.

*Tayl.* But by your favour, Sir, I am a *Taylor*

And, Sir, I live by Lords and Gentlemen;

I only wou'd hang those that owe me money,

And will not pay me.

*Cade.* Why, thou stiching *Coxcomb*;

We will be Lords and Gentlemen our selves.

*Tayl.* Oh! that's another thing.

*Cade.* Another thing ?

What do we fight for else, you silly Rascal ?

*Cob.* 'Tis true, my Lord, we ought to be Great-men,  
For it is said, Labour in thy Vocation :

That is, let Magistrates be labouring-men,  
Therefore we lab'ring men ought to be Magistrates ;  
And I will be Lord Cobler, and a Counsellor.

*Carp.* I'll be Lord *Carpenter*, for 'tis a shame  
That none of the Kings Council are good Workmen.

*Cob.* The Lords, forsooth scorn to wear leather Aprons.

*Cade.* We'll make 'em glad to go in leather Aprons.

*Butch.* We'll stick 'em all, and we'll be Lords our selves.

*Tayl.* I'll be contented to be but a Knight.

*Cob.* Shall we not spare the Lords that are our friends,  
Such as thy Cousin *Plantagenet*, and others ?

*Cade.* No Lord is our Friend, you Fool, they meerly chouse us.

*Butch.* How! meerly chouse us ?

*Cade.* I say meerly chouse us.

All the fine words and money that they give us  
Is nothing else but buying of Calves-heads.

*Butch.* My Cleaver then shall chouse 'em of their Brains.

*Cade.* When they have done with us, they'll turn us off.

*Butch.* Here are brave Knaves.

*T. yl.* His Honour understands 'em.

*Cob.* I Gad, my Lord's a devilish parlous Fellow:  
Prethee, my Lord, what ail's these plaguy Lords  
To keep this coyl, when they have a power o' money,  
Brave Lands, and gallant Wenches to their Wives ?

*Cade.* I'll tell thee *Tom* the Cobler, here's my shoe ;  
Dost thou believe my shoe, if it had wit,  
Wou'd carry me up and down all day i'th dirt ;  
Or dost thou think my Breeches wou'd be sat on,  
Or Doublet cloath my Back, and by that means  
Be often cudgell'd, if they had any wit ;  
No, if they had any wit, they would be Caps.

*Cob.* True, but thy worship's Cap is sometimes cudgell'd:  
I have known thy Honour have a broken pate.

*Cade.* Ay but pride feels no hurt ; so some great Lords  
Are trodden under foot like dirty shoes,  
Some hang like Doublets on the Nations back,  
And some like Breeches only on the tayl.  
But by their good wills they would all be Caps,  
And so wou'd you my friends if you be wise.

*Cob.* We'll all be Caps.

*All.* All Caps, all Caps, all Caps.

*Cade.*



*Cade* If you'll be Caps, hang all Lords and Gentlemen,  
And all rich Citizens.

*Butch.* How, all rich Citizens?  
Prithee my Lord, they are my particular Friends,  
They buy more Meat, than all the Lords in *England*.  
And then they promise they'll do great things for us,  
If we will help 'em to redress their Grievances.

*Cad.* *Butcher*, those promises are but a meer cheat,  
These men puff thee, just as thou blowst thy Veal,  
Only to make thee swell for their own ends.

*Butch.* Are they such Knaves?

*Cade.* Oh they are notorious Knaves,  
They cheat the Town, their Wives, themselves, and us.  
They sit up nightly a Plotting, and Caballing,  
So cheat their Wives of due benevolence,  
They leave their Shops a-days, for State-Affairs,  
So cheat themselves of money they might get,  
And cheat the Town of Trade that it might have,  
And last they mean to cheat us of our Necks,  
Put us on Plots for them, then have us hang'd.  
Now my good subjects we are bound in Conscience,  
To take their Wives and give 'em due Benevolence,  
To take their Shops, and give the Town it's due,  
To hang the men, and give the Rope it's due,  
And so we shall be very honest fellows.

*All.* Ay, Ay, we shall be very honest fellows.

*Cob.* In short we'll ha' no Trades but Eating, and  
Drinking. We'll have seven half-penny Loaves  
For a Farthing, and a Pint-pot shall hold a  
Gallon; and so let us about our hanging work.

*Cade.* Go, Subjects, go, but pray remember one thing,  
To hang the Lawyers when your hand is in.

*Cob.* I warrant thee, my Lord, we'll hang the Lawyers:  
But now I think on't they wear out  
Abundance of Shoo-leather in going to *West-*  
*Minster-Hall*, and employ Coblers much.  
Besides they help to undo Lords, and Gentlemen.  
But now I think on't we can undo 'em  
Fast enough our selves, by burning their Houses,  
And taking their Lands. The Lawyers  
Have a sure way of undoing 'em, but it's more tedious,  
Ours is most quick, and as sure;  
So we shall have no use o' the Lawyers,  
And so lets hang 'em.  
And for that reason too

Let's hang the Doctors and Potheccaries.  
 For though they do kill Gentry pretty well,  
 Yet we have a better, quicker way;  
 By knocking 'em o' the head.

*Cade.* Subjects, hang the Doctors and Potheccaries, but  
 Hang the Lawyers first, for fear they  
 Hang you—— for when you have had  
 A thousand broken heads, and settled all things,  
 As right as you wou'd wish, a Roguy Lawyer  
 Will ruine all again with a meer quirk.

*Cob.* A quirk! what's a quirk?

*Cade.* —— A quirk —— why 'tis a quirk ——

*Cob.* Well, but what is a quirk?

*Butch.* What's matter what a quirk is? I know  
 What my Lord means by quirk.

*Cob.* Do you so, Sir: Then you are a Scholar are  
 You? Sir, as little learning as this has made  
 Many a man a Priest, you deserve to have  
 Your brains beaten out.

*Butch.* My brains?

*Cade.* Hold Cobler and Butcher! Civil VVars  
 Among our selves.

*Cob.* I hate Scholars, I will have no man live  
 Among us that knows more than I.  
 But I wou'd know what a quirk is.

*Cade.* Dost know what an Awl is?

*Cob.* I think I do.

*Cade.* Then as thou borest holes in shoes with  
 Thy Awl to mend 'em, Lawyers with quirks bore  
 Holes in Estates to mar 'em.

*Cob.* Oh! Oh!

*Cade.* For this, and other reasons hang the Lawyers.  
 They strive to make the Subjects break the Law,  
 And then they make the Law break all the Subjects,  
 And cunningly they make such rotten Laws,  
 That men must break 'em all spite of their Teeth,  
 We send (you know) sometimes men to make Laws,  
 And there these men sit hatching Laws and Laws,  
 And as they think hatch sound and wholesome Laws:  
 A plaguy Lawyer gets his finger in,  
 And put's such scurvy quirks into the Law,  
 That when 'tis hatch'd, I Gad the rotten Law  
 Fall's all to pieces like a pocky Child.

*Butch.*

*Butch.* There are pure Knaves for you, since they  
Are for quirks,  
We'll go and put such quirks in the Inns of Court  
Shall tumble them all down about their ears.

*Cade.* Do, honest subjects, do.

*Cob.* We will, my Lord.  
And prithee let thy mouth be all the Law.

*Cade.* Cobler well said, my mouth shall be the Law,  
For all the Law of *England* is but mouth ;  
When you are at law, it is not the best cause,  
But the best mouth that always carries it.

*Cob.* Prithee let thy month be *Westminster-Hall*,  
And my mouth shall be *Paul's* :

For we ha' no use o' Churches, nor Steeples,  
Nor Priests, the chief use o' Priests is to eat  
Pig, we can eat Pig as well as they.

*Cade.* We have no use o' the Inns of Court, or Tower,  
Pluck down the Tower, and burn all the Records,  
Why shou'd we keep  
Mouldy Records of what our Grandfiers did ?  
For we do what we will for all our Grandfiers  
On *London* bridge hang Traytours heads, and quarters.  
These are Records too, but who minds Records ?  
Burn all Records ——— Records ?

*All.* Burn all Records.

*Cade.* Who sounds a parley there ?

*Enter a Souldier.*

*Soul.* One from the King.

*Cade.* Well let him come, I don't care if I speak with him.

*Enter Old Lord Clifford.*

Well what's thy business with me ?

*Old Cl.* Thou vile Rebel,

Why dost thou thus disturb the King, and Kingdome ?

*Cade.* Thou Fool, to have my own, I'm heir to the Crown.

*Old Cl.* Impudent Slave, thy Father was a Plaisterer.

*Cob.* Yes, and his Mother was a Midwife, what's that ?

*Cade.* VVell, *Adam* was a Gardiner, what's that ?

Say, did not *Edmund Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.

Marry the Daughter o' the Duke of Clarence?

*Old Cl.* He did, Sir Clown, and what is that to you?

*Cade.* By her he had two Children at a Birth;  
The Elder of 'em being put to Nurse,  
Was stole away by a stinking Beggar-woman,  
(Like a damn'd cursed jade) and by that means  
The Princely Infant was bred up a Brick-layer,  
And I'm the Princely Off-spring of that Infant.

*Old Cl.* *Plantagenet* invented this fine story.

*Cade.* You lye, for I invented it myself.

*Old Cl.* I am sent by the King to offer pardon  
To all that will forsake thee, and go home.  
VVhat say you Countrymen, will you be happy  
And leave this Rogue, or follow him and be hang'd?  
I don't know what to think on't? [*All mutter.*]

*Cade.* Are you muttering?

VVhy, you damn'd fools, will you believe a Lord?  
Do they not often run into your Debts,  
And promise payment, and ne're keep their words?  
Do they not often with fine promises  
Delude your Daughters, and when they have enjoyed them,  
Do they e're keep their words? Then follow me.

*All.* A *Cade*, a *Cade*! we'll follow thee, *Jack Cade*.

*Old Cl.* You'll follow *Cade*? pray whither, to the Gallows?  
He has no other home to lead you to.  
He knows not how to live but by the spoil;  
But say that whilst you robb and kill your Country-men,  
The fearful *French* whom you but lately vanquisht,  
Shou'd make a start o're Seas and vanquish you;  
Had you not better go and spoil the *French*,  
And the King pay you too for your good service,  
Than here Rebel, and the King hang you all  
For Rogues, or worse, the *French* come make you slaves?  
I don't know what to think on't — [*All mutter.*]

*Cade.* Again muttering?

VVho'll ever trust such cursed whifling Rascals?

*Enter young Clifford and Followers.*

*To. Cl.* What are you doing, my Lord? treating with Rascals?  
It were too vile an Office for a Scavenger,  
To sweep such dirt into the Common shore?  
And are you treating with 'em? Nay, and treating  
In the Kings name too? very fine indeed,  
The King must barter for his Crown with Rascals,

VVhat-

What ever price the Villains make him pay,  
Though his Crown shou'd be dear, himself is cheap,  
I with no Tongue but this will talk to Rebels.

[Draws, all fight on the Stage. Ex.

*The Scene a Tent. Enter King Henry.*

*Hen.* Never had King less joy in Throne than I,  
Nor more misfortune. Heaven was pleas'd to set  
My Cradle on the top of humane Glory,  
Where I lay helpless, open to all Storms.  
My Childish hand, not able to support  
My Fathers Sword, dropt the victorious point,  
And let fall all the Lawrels that adorn'd it,  
And *French* and *English* fell a scrambling for 'em,  
So lost I *France*; now am I threatned too  
By wicked Rebels, with the loss of *England*.  
*Cade* and his Rebels drive me from my City,  
*Plantagenet* seek's to drive me from my Kingdom.

*Enter the Queen, and her Train.*

*Qu.* Take comfort, Sir, I bring you happy tidings.  
The Villain *Cade* is kill'd by brave young *Clifford*.

*Hen.* Kill'd!

*Qu.* Kill'd, and all the Rebels beg your mercy.

*Hen.* Oh! Heav'n accept my vows of thanks and praise.  
But ha! here comes his gallant Father weeping.

*Enter Old Clifford.*

*Ol. Cl.* Yes Sir, I weep, but I weep tears of Joy,  
For I am crush'd between two mighty Joyes;  
Your Royal safety, and my Sons success.  
But here he is, to tell you his own story.

*Enter Young Clifford.*

*Yo. Cl.* Sir, I most humbly here present your Majesty  
The Head of the notorious Rebel *Cade*.

*Hen.* Oh! Gallant *Clifford*, how shall I reward thee?

*Yo. Cl.* I fought not for rewards, or if I did,  
I ought to end my work, e're I be paid,  
I have only now pull'd down a paltry Scaffold,  
On which *Plantagenet* design'd to climbe,  
To build his Trayt'rous Projects.

*Hen.* True indeed,  
He is approaching me with a great Army;  
But he gives out he only does intend  
To drive away from me some wicked Ministers.

*Yo. Cl.* The constant vizard of Rebellion,  
Rebellion is so foul and grim a Monster,  
That those that mount the horrid Beast, are forc'd  
To cover it all o're with gaudy Trappings.  
They mark it in the Forehead with white starrs,  
Pretences Heavenly, and Innocent.

*Qu.* Sir, he has told you a most excellent truth.

*Hen.* I must confess I like not to have Subjects  
Present their Kings Petitions upon Pikes.

*Old Cl.* Sir, let the Rebels come, we are prepar'd.

*Enter an Officer.*

*Off.* A Trumpet from *Plantagenet* craves audience.

*Hen.* Admit him.

*Enter the Trumpet.*

*Trum.* Royal Sir, the Duke my master  
Does beg admission to your Kingly presence,  
To give you the true Reason of his arming,  
And prove his Loyalty.

*Qu.* Just as we thought.

*Hen.* Go tell my Cousin, since he speaks so fair,  
He shall have free access and all kind usage.

[*Exit. Trum.*]

*Old Cl.* What do you mean Sir?

*Hen.* To throw far from my self  
The guilt of all the ill that may ensue.  
He shall not say that I refus'd to hear,  
Or to redress any just grievances.

*Y. Cl.* Sir, you will find your self will be the grievance.  
The Tricks of these ambitious men are, first  
To poison all the People with disloyalty,  
And when they have made 'em sick, they tell 'em nothing  
Can cure 'em but some flowers out of the Crown;  
And so they set the rabble raving for 'em.

*Qu.* Lord *Clifford* when the haughty rebel comes  
Arrest him of High-Treason.

*Old Cl.* I will do it, Madam.

*Enter*

Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, George: Plant. kneels, and  
kisses the Kings Hand.

Hen. Welcome dear Cousin. Pray acquaint me faithfully,  
What do you mean by all the Troops you bring?

Pl. Only to drive some Traytours from your presence.

Qu. I know no greater Traytors than your self.

Old Cl. And therefore I arrest thee of High-Treason.

Pl. Arrest me? ha! Shall it be thus King Henry?

Hen. It shall not be, I promis'd him safe Conduct.

Edw. My Lord, we'll be your Bail.

Pl. See, I have Bail.

Lord Clifford, in whose name do you Arrest me?

Old Cl. In the Kings Name.

Pl. Then I'll unfold my self.

Know hitherto I've been like a dark Cloud,  
Where scorching heat has been ingendring Thunder:  
The grumbling and the rowling you have heard,  
But now the deadly bolt shall light among you.  
I am your King.

Hen. Ha!

Pl. Yes, I am Your King.

I'm sprung out of the Royal house of *Clarence*,  
Whom three usurpers of the house of *Lancaster*  
Successively have trodden under feet,  
Whilst they have glittered in our Royal Glory,  
Shone like false Diamonds in our royal Robes.

Q. Now, Sir, are we convinc'd we told you truth.

Pl. And my next Title is the only Claim;  
Duke *Henry*, (for I'll call him now no otherwise)  
Duke *Henry* borrows from his bloody Grand Father  
*Henry* the Fourth, I've twenty thousand men,  
But with this difference, *Henry's* Troops were Villains  
Deposers of their lawful Sov'reign *Richard*,  
Mine are defenders of their true King *Richard*,  
I mean my self.

Hen. Was ever such Ambitious  
Frenzy as this?

T. Cl. Did not we tell you this?

Ed. And we will tell you more, obey your King  
I mean my Royal Father, or our Swords  
Shall turn the Arrest of Treason on your selves.

Old Cl. Surely you think you are among your Beauties,

*Amorous Edward*, there your *Vigour* lies.

*Q.* Let them admire thy boasts, here thou art scorn'd.

*Ed.* 'Tis said when the brave Duke of *Suffolk* liv'd,  
Queen *Margaret* would not contemn a Lover.

I'm young, and love, but yet I am not stricken  
So blind with beauty, but I can discern  
Both the fair Kingdom, and the fair Queen lye  
Sick of the impotence of a Weak King.

*Qu.* Ill manner'd insolence!

*Rich.* Why do you talk

To this poor wretched *Neapolitan*?

She and her Husband are fit for each other;

He has no heart, and she no heart for him.

Fortune loathed him as soon as e're she saw him,

Nor from his Cradle never wou'd endure him,

And her she never did think worth her care.

*Qu.* Why! well said ugly Crook-back! spoken like  
Thy hideous horrid self:

I will not do thee so much good to kill thee.

Thy Soul cannot be worse than where it is.

*Hen.* He bears about him what is more deform'd

Than humane shape can be, his wickedness.

*Pl.* I've shewed my right, and here are my three Sons

To plead it with their Swords, now I'll produce

My last and strongest Title to the Crown,

The sword of the victorious Earl of *Warwick*,

Call in the Earl of *Warwick*.

Enter *VWarwick*.

*War.* I am here

*Pl.* Inform the ignorant world who is King of *England*,

*War.* Whom my sword pleases.

*Hen.* Thou against me *Warwick*!

What did'st thou never swear Allegiance to me?

*War.* 'Cause I adored an idol once in ignorance,

Must I still do so, now I see my error?

Know Duke of *Lancaster* (for you are no more)

*Henry* your Grand Father murdered his King

*Richard* the second, not content with that,

He trampled on the rights of the next heirs.

Your Father warlick *Henry*, I confess,

Had in desert what he did want in Title.

But merit makes no lawful claim to Crowns,

For if it did, I wou'd be King of *England*.

But



But I will tell you to your face, Duke *Henry*;  
That you have neither Title nor Desert:

*Qu.*  
*Old Cl.* } Most impudent of Traytours.  
*Y. Cl.* }

*War.* I'll speak truth,  
And value not the fury of you all.  
Your Father *Henry* was a Wall of steel  
Through which there was no passing to the throne,  
But you are only a soft silken Curtain,  
Which with my hand or breath I'll put aside,  
And seat your self King *Richard* in the Throne,  
For it is empty though the Duke be there,  
The Duke is nothing, or such poor thin soft stuff  
The Crown sinks down in him, and is not seen.

*Yo. Cl.* What, have these Traytours conquer'd us already,  
They talk at this bold rate? Thou Traytour *Warwick*!—  
*Warwick*? no!—when thou didst unking thy King  
Thou mad'st thy self a Groom; by the same law,  
Thou tramplest on thy King, a sawcy Groom  
May set his dirty foot upon thy jaws,  
And tell thee they were made both of one Clay.

*War.* The duke of *Lancaster*'s no King of mine.

*Y. Cl.* VVhence hast thou this? from Lawyers, and from Scriblers?  
Say, the King's Grand-father Murther'd his King  
And damn'd his Soul for it, what's that to thee?  
Say, our prosterity shou'd wrong each other,  
VVhat must their Servants cudgel 'em to honesty?  
Oh! But old stories censure the King's Title;  
Are royal Robes made of such raggs as Pamphlets?  
Yes, when a beggar feign wou'd put 'em on,  
One that wou'd beg the Kingdom from the people,  
And such a beggar is *Plantagenet*.  
Oh! but the lawyers like not the Kings Title:  
VVhat shall the lawyers be the Kingdoms Oracles,  
And judge their Kings, who speak but as inspir'd  
By the Kings Image stamp't upon his Gold?  
Let the King give 'em store of golden Pictures.  
And they will give him a substantial title.  
And then the Noble-men must be the Bayliffs  
To execute the sentence of the Coyse.  
Damn thy pedantick Treason; thou art as far  
From wit as honour, and that's far enough.  
VVho stopps a River's head up, drie's the stream;  
Thou hast divided thy self from thy King,

The spring of honour, so thou hast no honour.  
 But art a heap of dirty pefantry,  
 Fit only to manure a brave mans fortune;  
 A straying Beast, with the Devil's mark upon thee,  
 Rebellion, and I'll send thee to thy owner.

*Ed.* What a fierce talker's this?

*War.* I laugh at him;

All this loud noise and fury you have heard,  
 Is but the crackling of some burning thorns,  
 That hedge the Duke, and they will soon be ashes.

*Pl.* No more Duke *Henry*, will you yield my Crown,  
 Or shall we fall upon you?

*Hen.* Must it be so?

Let us not bloodily Butcher one another;  
 But fairly to the field, and there in Battle  
 Make an Appeal to Heaven.

*Pl.* With all my heart.

*Y. Cl.* Then royal *Henry*, fixt on loyal *Clifford*,  
 Stand like a *Cedar* on a Mountain top  
 Securely rooted, and despise all storms.

*Hen.* My cause is fixt on Heav'n, for it is just.

*War.* Then sound to Armes.

*All.* To Armes, to Armes, to Armes.—

[*Exit*

## ACT II.

### *An Alarm.*

*Enter Warwick and Souldiers chasing others over the Stage. Enter Plantagenet, and Old Clifford fighting.— Old Clifford falls.*

*P* Farewell, old valiant *Clifford*, I shou'd now  
 Be sorry for thee, wer't thou not my Enemy.

[*Ex.*

*Old Cl.* Be sorry for thy self, thou art a Traytour,  
 And I for loyalty die honourably.

*Enter Young Clifford.*

*Y. Cl.* Shame and Confusion, all is on the rout.  
 My men are fled or kill'd, and I alone  
 Stand like a lofty Mast, shewing my head  
 Above the Waves, when all the Ship is sunk,  
 I cannot find my Father nor my King.

*Old Cl.*

Old Cl. Son!

Yo. Cl. I heard a voice resembling much  
My Fathers, very weak and faint it seemed,  
As he were far from me, or near to death.

Old Cl. Son!

Yo. Cl. Ha! again he calls! Oh! there he lies!  
All weltring in his gore, gasping for life.  
Oh! Father! Father! if thou hast breath enough,  
Leave with me but the name of him that wounded thee  
That I may give thee and my self revenge,  
And I'll prefer that glorious Legacy,  
Before the Estate and Honour which thou leav'st me

Ol. Cl. Plantagenet gave me my death!—Farewel— [Dyes.

Yo. Cl. Plantagenet gave thee thy death—Plantagenet  
Then gave himself and all his race destruction.  
He kills our old men, and I'll kill his Children.  
Henceforth I will not have to do with pitty,  
Tears shall be to me as the dew to fire,  
I will be famous for inhumane cruelty,  
My Father hear's me not, he's dead! he's gone.  
Come thou new ruin of Old Clifford's house,  
I'll bear thee on my shouldiers as *Aneas*  
Did old *Anchises*, but with this sad difference,  
He bore a living Father, mine is dead,  
And so my burden and my grief is heavier.

*He takes his Father on his back, and going out meets the King, Queen, and  
Souldiers.*

Q. Away, away, Sir, what do you mean to stay?  
All's lost, you have no safety but in flight.

Hen. My heart's so heavy that I cannot flye.

Q. Ha! who goes there? Clifford thou art, I think.

Yo. Cl. I am.

Qu. What burden hast thou on thy shoulders.

Yo. Cl. I carry vengeance for Plantagenet.

Hen. Plantagenet dead?

Yo. Cl. A braver honest man,  
My valiant loyal Father.

Hen. Clifford dead?

Yo. Cl. Kill'd by Plantagenet.

Qu. Take comfort, Clifford.

We'll streight to London, where we have pow'r enough  
To revenge our selves and thee, and to assist us.  
The Parliament shall meet and raise the Kingdom.

Yo. Cl.

*Yo. Cl.* For your revenge raise Kingdoms and for mine,  
 I'll raise my self, and I'll have bloody Vegeance,  
 I'll kill *Plantagenet*, and all his Sons  
 That when he is dead he may not have a Son.  
 To bear him to the grave, as I my Father ;  
 And so cut off his memory from the Earth,  
 Meet I but any Infants of his House,  
 Into as many gobbits will I cut 'em  
 As wild *Medea* did the young *Absyrtis*,  
 And I will starve my men that they may eat 'em,  
 And so let us about our several business.

[*Exit.*

*A Shout of Victory. Enter at one door Warwick, at another Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Souldiers. Plantagenet embraces Warwick.*

*Pl.* Let me embrace the greatest man that breaths.

*War.* Pray cease, my Lord, you know this does not please me.

*Edw.* *England* will learn again to Fight and Conquer,  
 A glorious science we have almost lost,  
 Under the reign of this tame bookish *Henry*.

*War.* What is become of the young boasting *Clifford* ?  
 Fate as if tender of him, did to day,  
 When e're I met him, thrust a crowd betwixt us.

*Pl.* I met his Father in the field ; and there  
 I put the brave old man to his last bed.  
 The stout old winter *Lyon*, that had long  
 Endur'd the brush of time, fought with that heat,  
 As he had been but in the spring of youth.  
 Like arras-hangings in a homely house,  
 So was his gallant Spirit in his body.

*Edw.* Whilst we pursued the horsemen o' the North,  
 With too much heat, the King escap'd our hands ;  
 But he has left behind some of his friends,  
 I fell upon the gallant Duke of *Buckingham*,  
 And with one fortunate substantial blow,  
 I cleft his good steel Helmet, and his Scull,  
 And see, his Brains are yet upon my Sword.

*Rich.* To speak the truth, my Brother *Edward* fought  
 To day, as if he had fought for a Mistress.

*Ed.* I must confess, I fought with more dispatch ;  
 'Cause had the Battle lasted, 'twou'd have spoil'd  
 An assignation that I have to night.

*Rich.* Did not I say as much ?

*Pl.* Thou, good Son *Richard*,  
 Dost not disturb thy heart with cares of love.

*Rich.*

*Rich.* The hill upon my back fence's my heart ;  
The women love not me, so I hate them.

*War.* We have all cut our names deep on the Pillars  
Of Fame's high Temple, where shall be for ever  
Written this glorious Battle at S. *Albans.*

Now, my Lord, post away with speed to *London,*  
For thither I am told the King is fled,  
And there he will repair this day's wide breaches.  
Citizens always love Tame Godly Princes,  
And such as abhor fighting like themselves.

Then, if you can, enter the Town before 'em,  
And fill it with your Troops; and then to morrow  
Get very early into the Parliament House,  
And guarded well, openly claim the Crown.  
My Tongue and Sword shall both assert your Title.  
Then let me see, what Peer dare be so bold,  
Or Common so sawcy, to oppose it.

*Pl.* Thou Soul of valour, Wisdom, and Nobility,  
I'll take thy Counsel.

*War.* Go then march with speed,  
I'll tarry for a moment to take care  
For any of quality that are dead or wounded.

[*Ex.* Plantagenet, Richard *one way,* Warwick *another.*

*Edw.* I well approve this speedy March to *London,*  
For there to Night I hope to meet my Mistress.

[*Ex.* Edward,

*Enter two bearing a Body, Warwick meets 'em.*

*War.* Whose Body is that?  
'Tis Sir *John Grey* of *Grooby.*

*War.* A fierce bigot for the *Lancastrian* Faction.  
I've heard of him, and whither do you carry him?

2. To his fair Widow; she had only news  
He had some wounds, and so came in her Chariot  
To carry him away with her, but all  
Her care is now too late; see here she is.

*Enter Lady Grey attended.*

*La. Gr.* Where is my Husband? I am impatient for him.

1. We have found him, Madam, in a state too bad  
For you to look on.

*L. Gr.* Oh! he's dead! he's dead!

2. Help! help! she's falling on him dead as he.

*War.* I never saw so beautiful a Creature.

D

she

1. She is come to her self,

*War.* But I'm so lost,

That I shall never be my self again.

*La. Gr.* Oh! my dear Husband!

*War.* See! see! she embalms

His Body with her pretious Tears and Kisses.

I know not to what place his Soul is fled;

But I am sure his Body is in Heaven.

Forms, Ceremonies, Civil Fooleries,

Insects engendred of corrupt false Wit.

I will ride o're you in my way to joy;

Though this is the first time I ever saw her,

And she lies drown'd in Tears o're her dead Husband

Drown'd in his blood, shed may be by my self;

Yet here, and now I'll tell her that I Love;

And here, and now resolve to make her mine.

Madam, your pardon that I interrupt you.

*La. Gr.* Who are you, Sir?

*War.* You, Madam, best can tell,

When I came hither I was Earl of *Warwick*;

But you have chang'd me to I know not what.

*La. Gr.* The Earl of *Warwick*! Oh! my Lord I beg you,

Conjure you by the Honour of a Nobleman,

That you permit a miserable Woman

To give her Husbands Body decent Burial.

*War.* Madam, with all my heart; and I cou'd wish

He had been buried when he first saw light,

And never liv'd to do Prodigious mischiefs.

*La. Gr.* What wondrous mischiefs dying for his King?

*War.* Oh! he has done more ill, than *Frantick Alexander*

When he set fair *Persepolis* o' Fire,

Or him that burnt the fam'd *Ephesian* Temple.

*La. Gr.* Who did all this?

*War.* He, whom Heav'n there has punisht;

And did it, Madam, by enjoying you,

By kindling in your heart love for himself,

He fir'd a stately Palace, only fit

For hearts of mighty Kings, He burnt a Temple

The master piece of Nature, the Worlds wonder.

*La. Gr.* Is this fit talk to one in my condition?

*War.* I know old Tyrant Custom does command

You Widows to be stretch'd on the long rack

Of twelve months mournful abstinence from love.

And, which methinks is an immodest fashion,

You must wear black the colour of the night,

To put you in remembrance of the pleasure.

Night for your service pays you no more Wages,

Yet

Yet you in gratitude must wear Nights livery.  
 And you must sigh and weep to tell the World  
 What skill you have in man, for who e're weeps  
 For loss of that whose value they ne're knew?  
 Fy! what ill woman brought up those ill Customs?  
*La. Gr.* What horrid insolence you treat me with?

*Enter one running.*

1. My Lord, the Enemy begins to rally.  
*War.* Go fight 'em, for I'm busily employ'd.

*Enter a Second.*

2. Mount, mount, my Lord, or you'l be taken Prisoner.  
*War.* I am a Prisoner, nor can stir from hence;  
 Unless this beauty with a smile release me.  
*La. Gr.* Grief, Horror, and Confusion put me again  
 Into a deadly Fainting.

*War.* I perceive  
 Formality the Governess of Women,  
 And Custom the great Tyrant of the World  
 Are married in the Temple of this beauty.  
 Take with you then your pale Companion,  
 And pay to it the Tax of some Months tears,  
 And lock your self in solitude and darkness,  
 But after that by my renown and fortune,  
 By this days victory, by that great power,  
 By which I to the King say, be a Subject;  
 And to a Subject I say, be a King.  
 I swear I shortly will say to my self,  
*Warwick*, be thou Possessor of this beauty.  
 I'll have you, though you hate, and Heaven envy me,  
 And the first joy I reap cost me my life.

*La. Gr.* In spite of me I am compel'd to speak,  
 I swear by the dead body of my Husband,  
 By my unspotted fame most sacred to me,  
 I rather will chuse death than any man,  
 But I'll chuse Hell e're you.

*War.* Cruelly sworn;  
 But yet such Oaths are heriots, which Widows  
 To custom always pay, when a life falls.  
 The world expects to have 'em pay such fines,  
 E're they renew another life in love.  
 Then, Madam, take your fallen tenement;

And pay all custom'd dues, you have your freedom.  
And for your safety all my guard shall wait you.

*La. Gr.* Though paying rights of burial to my husband  
Beall that I desire to do on Earth,  
E're I will be oblig'd to you for any thing,  
I'll dye upon him and be all his monument.

*War.* Oh Beauteous Monument! all men wou'd d, e  
To be so buried!—envy will not suffer me  
To let the dead have so much happines,  
Therefore I'll take my leave.

*La. Gr.* The only favour  
I will receive, or can endure from you.

*War.* Take it, one kindness oft begets another,  
Fa rewel, most cruel, but most beauteous creature.

*La. Gr.* Farewel most rude and most abhorr'd of men.

*War.* [*Softly to his men.*] Guard her safe hence, but do not let her know it,  
Lest she refuse it, and shou'd meet with injury. [Ex.]

*Scene a Room in London, Table, Lights.*

*Enter Edward pulling in Lady Elianor Butler.*

*L. El.* Oh! do not tempt me, for I know  
You will be false.

*Ed.* Well but I know I shall not.

*L. El.* Oh! to how many women have you sworn  
As much as you ha' done to me to night?

*Ed.* Oh is there not great difference among VWomen?  
Some Women are but petty Inns to lodg at,  
And though perhaps rather than want a lodging,  
We wou'd pay all they ask, though most unreasonable  
But if they wou'd pay me, I wou'd not dwell with 'em;  
But your sweet beauty is my journey's end.

*L. El.* Oh! yes till you begin another journey.

*Ed.* Besides the many thousand Charmes about you,  
From which it is impossible to 'scape,  
Your Birth and Quality will not permit me  
To trifle with you as with trifling women,  
I dare not but regard *Lady Elianor Butler.*

*L. El.* But when you have enjoy'd *Lady Elianour Butler,*  
She'l seem as very a trifle as the rest.

*Ed.* Then what a perjurd Villain must I be?

*L. El.* VWhen you are Prince of *Wales,* perhaps you'l think  
The Prince of *Wales* is not oblig'd to keep  
Lord *Edwards* Oaths, and when I follow you,

You



You will cry, Madam, I am Prince of *Wales*,  
 And I must marry for the Nation's good ;  
 I'm very sorry I am forc'd to lose you,  
 But pardon me, it is the Nation's fault.  
 So, Madam, I'm your very humble Servant,  
 If I can serve you any way, command you ;  
 Then instead of being made *Princesse of Wales*  
 I sneak away poor cheated *Elleanor Butler*.

*Ed.* Well this is very unkind to make me throw  
 So sweet a Night so foolishly away.

I thought you wou'd have given me a clear draught  
 Of Love without the dreggs of Oaths and Vows.

*L. El.* Oh! you are too charming not to be lov'd,  
 And when once lov'd, not to be lov'd for ever.  
 I know I've not desert to keep you constant ;  
 And 'tis enough for me that you once lov'd me,  
 To blame you that you will not love me always,  
 O as a beggar blam'd a Prince, for giving him  
 nly one Jewel. No one Woman merit's  
 Your Love, so you divide it among all.  
 But oh ! methinks I feign wou'd have it alle  
 And have it always.

*Ed.* So I swear you shall.

Then come away, for night is stealing from us,  
 Weary with holding up her sable Robe,  
 To hide two loytring lovers to no purpose.  
 Then come away.

*L. El.* Oh swear to me once more.

*Ed.* I'll swear no more, whil'st we by foolish Oaths  
 Secure delights to come, we lose the present.  
 Then come away, for else I shall be call'd.  
 Oh Heaven's ! see ! the day is broke already.  
 The vast and heavy business of a Kingdom  
 Heave up the scale of Morn before it's time.  
 Oh ! come away for fear I be undone.

*L. El.* Oh ! do not ask for fear I be undone.

*Ed.* Hark ! I hear knocking ! I am call'd, I'm ruin'd.

[Knocking]

*Enter the waiting Woman.*

*Wo.* My Lord ! here is your Brother my Lord *Richard*  
 Is come to fetch you to the Parliament,  
 He says, your Father's going thither already.

*Ed.* Did not I tell you, Love, what you wou'd do ?  
 Confound my Lord *Richard*, tell him I'm not here.

*Wo.* He says you are here, and he'l not part with you.

*Ed.*

*Ed.* So, we have manag'd our occasion finely.  
Was this well done of you?

*L. El.* You may forgive me,  
Since I'm almost as sorry as you are.

*Ed.* Then will you mend the fault another time?

*L. El.* I fancy I shall do my weak endeavour.

*Rich.* } Why, Brother! ———  
*within.* }

*Ed.* Hark he calls! I must be gone,  
Farewel, my dear, remember what you have promis'd.

*L. El.* Remember you your Vows of constancy.

*Rich.* } Brother, what do you mean? leave your damn'd Women,  
*within.* } For I'm sure 'tis some damn'd Woman stays you.

But for my part I'll stay no longer for you.

For I will not be chidden for your faults,

My Father, and his Friends shall know how it is.

*Ed.* Thank thee, good natur'd honest vertuous Brother;

How proud this Leper is of one sound place?

Though he has all the vices in the world,

Yet he insults o're me, because he is free

From my one fault, my almost faultless fault.

He is a Hell at whose foul front appears,

Ill manners, and ill nature, and ill shape,

Like a three-headed Dog, that barks at all things

That dare come near him, specially at beauty;

But has within a thousand ugly Hags

His Soul embraces, bloody cruelty,

Lean envy, and insatiable Ambition.

And he has this advantage over me,

His Mistresses are Devils, and so invisible.

Some time or other I'll descend like *Hercules*

Into this Hell, and dragg to humane sight

The Monster that so barks at my delight.

[*Ex.*

*Scene the Parliament House, a Throne, Canopy, Seats for the Lords.*

*Enter Plantagenet, George, Richard, Warwick, Clarence, Rutland,*  
*Guard all with drawn Swords.*

*War,* This is the palace of the fearful King,  
And this the Regal Seat; *Richard Plantagenet,*  
Sit down, and from this hour be King of *England.*

*Pl.* I think if mighty *Warwick* said, be Emperour  
Of the whole world, the *Genii* of all Kingdoms  
Wou'd vanish and give place to his great spirit.

A

Assisted then by thee, I here sit down,  
And take possession of my Royal Right.

[Sits in the Throne.

War. I plant you here, now Root you up who dares.

Enter Edward,

Pl. Wheres my son *Edward*? 'S'wound's! why loiter you?

War. Sir, why do you neglect your Father thus?

Ed. Reprov'd by *Warwick*? what does *Warwick* cheat us? [Aside.  
Give us a Crown to cheat us of our liberty?  
Hire us to be his slaves? so soon so arrogant?  
This humour I must quell, I cannot bear it.

Pl. Sons, I here take possession of my right,  
And will be Crown'd or kill'd: ——— if I shou'd fall,  
Son *Edward*, claim the Crown, if you fall with me,  
Then, *George*, the Crown is thine, if both you dye,  
Then, *Richard*, thou art King.

War. Three goodly Pillars,

Pl. And last in birth but not in my Affection.  
Here is my litle pretty darling *Rutland*,  
Look to him, Guard, for if his brothers Perish,  
He is your King; fear not my pretty Boy.  
We'll be too hard for wretched timorous *Henry*.

Rut. Sir, let him come, and all his Souldiers with him.  
If you will beat his Souldiers, I'll beat him.

Pl. Well said my boy; and heark; I think he comes.

Enter King Henry in his Robes, his Crown on his head, the Sword born before him, Attended by Clifford, Northumberland, Westmorland, Exeter, in their Robes.

Hen. My Lords, look where the sturdy Rebel sits.

War. Look where your King is seated, Duke of Lancaster,  
What say you will you? resign in peace the Crown  
To him whose right it is, *Richard Plantagenet*?  
Or shall we force it from you by our Swords?

Rich. Let's tear the Crown from the Usurpers head.

Ed. Sound but the Trumpets and the King will fly.

Pl. Peace, Sons.

Hen. Peace all of you, and hear your King.  
Rebels, I fear all danger less than you do,  
For I am better arm'd with innocence,  
But I confess I do fear Civil War;  
Not for my own, but for my peoples sake,  
I am afraid to shed the blood of English men,  
But you indeed are bold in cruelty.

By which (oh Heaven!) judge whose is the Child  
 His who desires to have it cut in peices,  
 Or mine, who strive in tenderness to save it.  
 For my own part I fear no power, but Heaven,  
 Rebels may be successful for a time,  
 And overturn all order, right, and justice,  
 But Heaven does not let the world stand long  
 In that unnatural uneasie posture,  
 But soon put's all things in their proper places.

*Pl.* Thy own mouth, *Henry*, has pronounc'd thy doom.  
 Successful Murder, and Rebellion,  
 Swell'd for two Generations of thy race  
 Over all right, and all that durst oppose 'em;  
 But Heaven in thee has dryed up the black stream,  
 And made it such a Brook all trample over it.

*Hen.* I've oft been told by thee, my Grand-father  
 Depos'd his King.

*Pl.* And I did tell thee truth.

*Hen.* Cannot a King adopt an Heir?

*Pl.* VVhat then?

*Hen.* Did not King *Richard* to my Grand-father  
 Resign the Crown in open Parliament?

*Pl.* Did not thy Grand-father compel him to it  
 By force of Arms? and then the Parliament,  
 To their eternal shame, if not Damnation,  
 Flatter'd the wicked fortunate Usurper.

*War.* But say, the King had done it unconstrain'd,  
 He cou'd not give away another's right.

*Henry* usurp'd the right of the next Heirs.

*Hen.* My Conscience tells me that my Title is weak.

*Cl.* How, Sir, will you revolt from your own self?  
 Who will stand by you then?

*War.* *Clifford*, thou dyest,  
 If thou permit'st not *Henry* to resign.

*Cl.* Let *Henry* give his Title to the Crown,  
 He shall not give my Title to revenge.

May the ground gape and swallow me alive,  
 When e're I kneel to him who kill'd my Father.

*War.* Ho! there within. ———

*Cl.* I am prepar'd for you.

*War.* stamps, and enter Souldiers of his side. *Cl.* does the same and enter  
 Souldiers on his side; as they are going to fight, King *Henry* interposes.

*Hen.* Hold! hold! my Lords: Oh! let not Blood be shed;  
 Let

Let us not make a Shambles of this place.  
 Pray hear me all; I find my Title's weak,  
 And to defend it were to fight with Justice.  
 Besides, there lyes already on my head  
 The Blood of *Richard*, murder'd by my Grand-father,  
 And I'd be loth to add my peoples Blood;  
 For saving which, hear this proposal from me,  
 I have been King these eight and thirty years,  
 And many Interests must grow to mine  
 That you can never tear me from the Throne,  
 But you will set a thousand Veins a bleeding,  
 Then let me reign in quiet all my life,  
 And when I'm dead, *Plantagenet* be King

*Pl.* I approve of it, and on that condition  
 I swear to be King *Henry's* faithful Vassal.

*Kneels and kisses  
 Hen's hand.*

*Hen.* And not to seek the Throne by Arms or Treason?

*Pl.* Never whilst King *Henry* lives.

*Hen.* Then I entail  
 The Crown to thee and to thy Heirs for ever.

*Cl.* The Devil to him, and to his Heirs for ever.

What have you done?

*War.* Good to himself and *England*.

*Cl.* Wrong to his Son, his Subjects, and himself.

*Ex.* Why sigh you, Sir?

*[King Hen. sighs.]*

*Hen.* For my poor Son I've wrong'd.

*War.* You have not wrong'd him, you have wholly freed him  
 From all the Vengeance due to Usurpation.

*Cl.* Oh! *Henry*, if thy Father's Soul did see  
 Thy baseness, it wou'd torture him in Heaven.

*Plantagenet*, when that great Monarch liv'd,  
 Thou durst have sooner let into thy Soul

Ten thousand Devils than a Traytrous Thought:

Farewel degenerate faint-hearted King,  
 May'st thou be beat in War, and scorn'd in Peace.

*[Exit.]*

*Pl.* Sons, head the Troops before the Palace Gate,  
 Lest furious *Clifford* shou'd do some rash thing.

*[Ex. Ed. and Rich. and George.]*

*Enter the Queen and Prince.*

*Pl.* Here comes the Queen.

*Hen.* And with her my poor Son.

*War.* She appears big with Thunder and with Lightning:  
 Expect a Tempest quickly, Sir, but flight it.

*Qu.* Are the news true? can it be possible

E

That

That you have disinherited your Son?  
And given your Crown to Trayterous *Plantagenet*?

*Hen.* The Crown is his, I have no Title to it,  
But what is founded on Rebellion,  
The murder of a King and usurpation.

*Qu.* Then hast thou not the spirit of a King,  
Nor of a Father, timorous mean VVretch,  
To let a Crew of Rebels hector thee  
Out of a Crown, nay out of thy own Son?  
For thou must think thou hast no Title to him,  
Or thou'dst not disinherit him unnaturally.

*Hen.* My Love, I do not disinherit him;  
For what I give away is not his right;  
And if I should entail another's right on him,  
I shou'd entail Heaven's Vengeance on his head.

*Qu.* Who says the Crown's not yours?

*Hen.* I am convinc'd  
By powerful Arguments.

*Qu.* By Pikes and Swords.

Had I been here when thou mad'st this Agreement,  
The Souldiers shou'd have tost me on their Pikes,  
E're I'd have stoop'd to such unnatural baseness.

Oh! how came thee and I in Marriage joyn'd?  
For I am Fire, thou art weak floating Water,  
Driven by the breath of Rebels any way.  
Wou'd I had dy'd a Maid, and never seen thee;  
At least had never born thee such a Son:

Oh! my sweet Son, thou art no more a Prince,  
Because thy Father is no more a King.  
He has undone himself, and thee, and all of us.

*Pr.* I am a Prince, and I will be a King.

Father, you cannot disinherit me;  
You may bestow your Kingdom whil'st you live;  
But when you are dead it is not yours, but mine.

*Qu.* My Son, he shall not disinherit thee.

I have men here to guard me from these Rebels,  
And Troops else-where to conquer 'em, and punish 'em.  
And I will make my Son a Glorious Prince;  
Whil'st thou, tame Prince, shalt be a slave to Traytors:  
Made to assist in conquering thy self,  
And then in digging thy own Sepulchre;  
For Rebels will not do their work by halves.  
Though thou art but the shadow of a King,  
Rebels will tremble at a Royal Shadow,  
And they'll be forc'd to kill thee, if 'tis possible,

## Of CIVIL-WAR.

To make thee a more dead thing than thou art.

*Hen.* Oh! my dear Love, talk not so harshly to me.

*Qu.* I will be harsher in my deeds than words.  
For from this moment I divorce my self  
For ever from thy Bed, thou art no King,  
And thou shalt have no Sons of me to ruine;  
I scorn to be the Mother of a Slave.

[*Ex. Qu. and Pr.*]

*Hen.* Poor Queen, how love and pity for my Son  
Set her a-raging, as they set me grieving?

*War.* Add her ambition to her love and pity,  
For that has no small share in her disturbance.

*Pl.* I know she's raising Forces in the *North*,  
My Lord of *Warwick*, do you keep the King,  
And stay to raise what Force you can in *London*,  
Vvhilst I will to the *North*, and so between us  
VVe'll wall her in, and keep that fire from spreading.

*Hen.* Pray, my Lords, do, I will assist you both  
Against my self, I'll do to others right,  
Though on my self I sure destruction bring,  
E're I'll be wicked, I will be no King.

[*Ex. omnes.*]

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## A C T. III.

*Scene a Castle.*

*Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard.*

*Pl.* **H**OW has this Woman charm'd these men together,  
No less than twenty thousand? a vast Army!  
All my Troops here will scarcely make five thousand,  
Then she is gotten between me and *London*;  
That I can no way join the Earl of *Warwick*,  
Nor can he possibly come time enough  
To my assistance; I am in a strait.

*Ed.* I think not, Sir, brave men are never in a strait  
When they have Arms and Liberty to fight.

*Pl.* I shou'd slight odds, if the Enemy were *French*,  
But now our present Enemies are *English*,  
Made of the same brave stuff as we our selves.

*Rich.* But such brave stuff as we have soundly beaten,  
And such as are conducted by a Woman.  
And men ne're think of fighting under Petticoats.

*Pl.* I've sent your Brother *George* to raise some Troops,  
I hop'd he might have been with me er'e now;  
But I must take my fortune now, the Enemy  
Approaches us——bring in my dear Boy *Rutland*.

*Enter Rutland, and a Priest his Tutor.*

My Darling, let me kiss thee e're I go,  
I know not if I 'ere shall see thee more;  
If I should fall under the numerous Enemy,  
I leave thee to the care of thy three Brothers,  
All valiant men, and some of 'em I hope  
Will be great men, be Kings; I charge 'em all  
On my last blessing to take care of thee,  
My pretious Darling, as of their own Souls.

*Rut.* Why do you talk thus, Sir? you make me weep,  
If you must dye, I hope I shall dye with you;  
I had rather dye with you than live a King.

*Pl.* Sweet Boy, farewell my Soul;—here take the Boy,  
And guard him safely in the strong dark Vault,  
And if things prove worse than I hope they will,  
Convey him safely to our next Garrison,  
And give his Brothers notice of his flight.

[*Ex. Pl. Ed. Rich. one way, another Rutl. with a Guard.*

*An Alarm, shouts of Victory, the Scene continues. Enter Clifford and his Souldiers.*

*Cl.* Pursue, pursue, pursue, and give no quarter,  
I charge you do not spare Man, Woman, or Child. [*Ex.*

*An Alarm, Enter Rutland.*

*Rut.* Oh! whither shall I fly? how shall I escape?  
Ah! *Clifford* comes! and no one's here to guard me.

*Cl.* Ha! have I found one of *Plantagenet's* Brats?

*Rut.* Oh! now I shall be murder'd! hold, my Lord,  
Hear me but speak one word before I dye.

*Cl.* What canst thou say, fond Boy, that's worth my hearing?

*Rut.* I'd only beg you to regard your self;  
You are a valiant man, I am a Boy;  
Stain not your fame by killing a poor Boy,  
I wou'd not for your own sake you shou'd do it;  
For I love gallant men, and I love you;

Though



Though you are my Enemy, because you are gallant.

*Cl.* Away you insinuating, flattering boy,  
Who taught you this Hypocrisie? your Priest?  
Give o're, give o're! for were there in thy Voice  
Celestial Harmony, my Father's Blood  
Has stop'd the passage where the sound shou'd enter.

*Rut.* I did not shed his Blood.

*Cl.* Thy Father did.

*Rut.* Then fight my Father, that will get you honour.

*Cl.* Shou'd I kill thee, thy Father, all thy Brothers,  
Nay shou'd I dig up thy Fore-father's Graves,  
And hang their rotten Coffins up in Chains;  
My rage wou'd not be quenched.

*Rut.* That's very strange;

Why shou'd your fury burn against the innocent?

*Cl.* I kill thee out of hatred to thy kind,  
As I wou'd do a Toad, or a young Serpent.

*Rut.* Hear me but one word more, dear, brave, Lord Clifford;  
You have a Son, for his sake pity me,  
Lest as you kill me for my Father's faults,  
Just Heaven shou'd destroy your Son for yours,  
And he be miserably kill'd as I am.

Then, Oh! for your Son's sake give me my life,  
And for my Father's faults keep me in Prison,  
And kill me whensoever I offend you.

*Cl.* Thou wilt be an offence to me in living.  
Whilst any of thy cursed Fathers race  
Live upon Earth, I live on Earth? — then dye——

*Rut.* Oh! shall I have no pity at your hands?

*Cl.* Such pity as my Rapiers point affords!

[Wounds him.]

*Rut.* May'st thou ne're get more fame than by this deed;  
Oh my poor Father! Oh! my death will kill him.

[Dies.]

*Cl.* Ho! take the body up, and carry it after me,  
I'll make a present of it to his Father.

[Exit.]

*Enter Plantagenet.*

*Pl.* All's lost, my men by numbers are devour'd,  
Or fly like Ships before the stormy wind.  
My Sons have bravely fought, but all in vain,  
They only swim like Swans against the Tide,  
And are born down by over-matching Waves,  
And I am very faint and cannot flie;  
But had I strength, I'm on all sides enclos'd,  
The Sands are numbred that make up my life,

See!

See! the bloody *Clifford* comes! then here I fall!

*Enter Clifford and Souldiers.*

*Cl.* Ha! have I found thee proud *Plantagenet*.  
What tumbled *Phaethon* from thy shining Chariot,  
And made an Evening at thy highest Noon?  
Oh Father! from the joys above descend,  
And share with me the pleasure of Revenge,  
Or else by high revenge I'll climb to thee.

*Pl.* Thou bloody raging *Clifford*, do thy worst;  
I'd scorn to ask thee mercy hadst thou any,  
But thou hast none, then come with all thy Multitudes.

*Cl.* So Cowards fight when they can fly no farther,  
So Pigeons peck the Falcon's piercing Talons,  
So desperate Thieves breathe curses at the Officers.

*Pl.* Hast thou the impudence to charge a Prince  
With cowardize, who made thee basely fly?  
Call to thy memory *S. Albans* Battel.

*Cl.* I do, then didst thou kill my brave old Father.

*Pl.* And now wou'd thee, wert thou not back't with multitudes.

*Cl.* I will try that; stand of, and do not touch him,  
Unless I fall; then cut him all to pieces.  
I will not lose revenge; yet I will give him  
So much revenge to kill me if he can.

*Pl.* I thank thee for the kindness, 'tis a great one.

*They Fight, Plantagenet is disarm'd and thrown.*

*Cl.* Now wilt thou yield that I have fairly conquer'd thee?

*As Cl. is lifting up his arm to kill him, Enter the Queen.*

*Q.* Hold valiant *Clifford*! hold!—I wou'd prolong  
The Traytors life to scorn him, trample on him:  
Are you the man that wou'd be King of *England*?  
Are you the man that revell'd in the Parliament?  
Sat in your Sovereign's Throne, and did believe  
Your breath cou'd blow his Crown from off his head?  
Where are your Mefs o' Sons to back you now?  
Your wanton *Edward*, and your lusty *George*,  
Your ugly valiant *Dick*, that crookback Prodigy?  
And with the rest, where is your darling *Rutland*?

*Pl.* My heart misgives me, where is he indeed?

*Qu.* Ask *Clifford*.

*Pl.* Oh! thou hast not butcher'd, *Clifford*,  
The innocent Boy?

*Cl.* On that young tender morsell  
My greedy vengeance staid a while it's stomach,  
Till it cou'd dine on thee, and all thy Sons.

*Qu.* See! I have stain'd a Napkin in the blood,  
That valiant *Clifford* with his Rapier's point  
Made issue from the bosome of thy darling,  
And bring it thee to wipe away thy tears.

*Pl.* She-wolf of *France*! or rather cruel Tygress,  
For woman thou art none; women are soft,  
Gentle and pitiful, but thou art cruel,  
Oh! ten times more than an *Hyrceanian* Tygress.  
There is a Boy that thinks thou art his Mother;  
But surely thou didst never bear a Child,  
For thou woud'st something know a Parents love,  
And have some natural touch of pitie in thee,  
And not have drain'd the life-blood of a Child  
To bid his Father wipe his eyes withal.

*Qu.* I therefore did it to increase thy sorrow:  
I know a Parent's love, and thy fond love,  
And all the mysteries of thy haughty heart;  
I knew that thou woud'st Barricado it  
Against the losses of a Crown and Life,  
With Iron-barrs of stubbornness and pride,  
But oh! this blood like Oyl will sink into it;  
These Crimson threads will lead tormenting grief  
Into the inmost lodgings of thy Soul,  
And lest this Napkin be too soft a thing  
I have within an Engine that shall squeeze  
Thy soul into thy eyes. Bring *Rutland's* Body.  
Now thou hast drunk the liquour, take the cup.

*Enter some with dead Rutland.*

*Pl.* Oh! my sweet Boy!

*Qu.* Ah! this is Musick to me!

This is the part thou mean'st I shou'd have plaid,  
If thy accursed Treasons had succeeded.  
But that my Tragedy must have been deeper,  
And bloodier far; thou mean'st I shoud have wept  
For a lost Kingdom, Husband, and a Son.

*Pl.* Yes, and I do not doubt but my three Sons,  
Heaven's vengeance, and the curses of all *England*  
Shortly will make thee weep for loss of all 'em.

*Qu.* I'll spoil thy prophecying; give me a sword.

*Cl.*

*Cl.* I'll pierce him first, there's for my Fathers blood.

*Qu.* There for the horrid ills thou threatnest to me.

*Cl.* There for the ills he brought upon the Kingdome,

*Pl.* Open thy gate of mercy gracious Heaven! —

*Qu.* Now take his head once fill'd with lofty thoughts,  
And set it on a lofty pinnacle. —

(*Dyes.*

[*Ex.*

*Scene the Field.*

*Enter Edward.*

*Ed.* No tydings of my Father? I am troubled!

*Enter Richard.*

*Ric.* Brother, I've news!

*Ed.* what of our valiant Father?

*Ric.* Oh no! I cannot hear what is become of him.

*Ed.* What are your news then?

*Ric.* They are not very good;

A Messenger is come from the Earl of *Warwick*,

Who tell's us he is marching to our aid,

But leaving a strong party with Lord *Cobham*,

To guard the King, and all the Southern parts,

They chanc'd to meet with some of the Queen's Troops.

And whether the Kings Coldness numm'd his keepers,

Or whether terror of the Warlike Queen,

Whose armies and success each hour encrease

Or of the inexorable cruel *Clifford*,

It is not known, but my Lord *Cobham's* men

Look'd on the shining Valour of the Enemy,

Like sleepy Owles on day, and fell beneath it.

That they were all destroyed, and *Henry* fled,

With the Victorious Troops to joyn the Queen;

That the Earl of *Warwick* now wants strength to fight her.

*Ed.* This is ill news indeed! what shall we do?

*Ric.* Hee desires you to haste away with speed,

To meet ten thousand men marching from *Wales*,

Rais'd by your interest there to whom he sent

To joyn his Troops if possible to morrow.

Which they may do, if you will hasten 'em.

*Ed.* They shall not want for that, I'll go this instant.

*Ric.* Pray do not fail, for all our Lives, and Fortunes  
Are set on this one cast.

*Ed.* I'll spur away.

Which

Which way go you?

*Ric.* I'll to the Earl of *Warwick*.

*Ed.* My Horse, my Horse, I must ride for a Kingdom.

[Exit.

*Enter Lady Eleanor Butler in a riding dress.*

*La. El.* My Lord!

*Ed.* My Love!—or a fair Vision! if a Vision  
Tell me, lest I embrace thee into a Dew.

*La. El.* Yes, I am that fond she who gave Lord *Edward*  
The loveliest, bravest, but the most inconstant  
Of all mankind my hand and heart for ever.

*Ed.* Then I am that fond he, will lose a Kingdom  
Rather than one hours pleasure with my Love,  
And so farewell a Kingdom for an hour.

*La. El.* I heard you were surrounded by the Queens  
Numerous Troops, and in exceeding danger;  
And I cou'd have no quiet, till I came  
And shar'd your destiny what e're it was.

*Ed.* Oh! it was kindly charitably done,  
To speak the truth, mine is a scurvy destiny,  
The Enemy is in my Father's Castle,  
And I've no Beds of Down, on Golden Bed-steads  
Under plum'd Canopies, t'embrace my Love in;  
My Destiny will be to lye to night  
On some Straw-bed, under some low thatch'd Roof,  
And thou shalt share it; what if the chil wind  
Blow on us? it will make us lye the closer;  
Or what if we shou'd lye on the cold Earth?  
It was our Grandfire *Adam's* Bridal Bed,  
'Twas there he gave the start to all mankind.

*La. El.* Fye, Fye, such thoughts as these at such a time?  
When you have a Life and Kingdom to look after.

*Ed.* A thousand Lives and Kingdoms are in thee,  
Whilst the Enemies tall fortune stalks about  
In darkness, like a blinded *Polyphem*;  
We will creep under it into a Cottage  
Of some of my own faithful Tenants here,  
And safely steal delight, like cunning Mariners,  
Pilfring the hold out of the reach of shot.

*La. El.* Have you a mind then to be kill'd or taken?  
The Woods are all full of the Enemy.

*Ed.* Shou'd all the Trees turn men, and the Grass Pikes,  
I will not stir from hence, till I've enjoy'd thee.  
My crooked Brother *Richard* like a Hook

Pull'd me away from thee the other night,  
For which I'll lay a double Tax on this.

*La. El.* Though I am but your Wife in hopes and promises,  
So great an Empire have you over me,  
My heart wou'd not refuse you any Tax,  
Did not your self run danger in the gathering.

*Ed.* There is no danger, every Cottager  
In all these parts will hang e're he'll betray me;  
Then let the loss of the last opportunity  
Make us so wise, to use this whilst we have it.

*La. El.* Pray do not ask me.

*Ed.* Pray do not deny me.

*La. El.* You will be taken.

*Ed.* No, I'll warrant you.

*La. El.* But if you shou'd?

*Ed.* No matter if Thieves come,  
When we have put our Money out to use.

*La. El.* You are a strange man.

*Ed.* And you are a sweet woman.

Come, come away.

*La. El.* Well now, if mischief happen  
Do not blame me.

*Ed.* There can no mischief happen,  
Like losing this most blessed opportunity,  
Then come along, ——— along ———

*La. El.* Oh! that I cou'd not.

*Ed.* Away, away, I say.

*La. El.* Well ——— since I must ———

[*Ex.*

*Enter Souldiers dragging Country-men. Scene a Cottage.*

*1 Soul.* Where is your Money, Rogues? confess, you Rogues.

*1 Coun.* Indeed, Sir, I am a very poor man,  
I get my living by my labour, Sir,  
And I have nothing but from hand to mouth.

*1 Soul.* You lye, you Rogue, you lye, I know the tricks  
Of all you Rogues; when e're your King wants Money,  
Then you are poor, you cannot pay your Taxes;  
But if the Swords of Rebels plow the Nation  
Then you have Bags, and you can bring 'em out  
Like Baggs of Seed, and sow 'em all for Crops  
To maintain Rogues that fight against your King;  
Nay for that use can pawn your Pots and Kettels,  
But now for us you cannot find a Farthing.

*2 Coun.* Indeed, Sir, you shou'd have it, if I had it,

Wish

With all my heart.

2 *Soul*. You lye, you Rogue, you lye.  
I know this Rogue, he is one of the damn'd Rebels,  
*Plantagenet's* chief Tenants, a rich Fellow;  
You have no Money for the King's Souldiers,  
But you had Money to fit out your Son  
A Trooper, Sirrah, to fight for Rebellion.

3 *Soul*. Oh Rogue!

2 *Soul*. I knew his Son, and kill'd the Dog.

2. *Co*. Oh! wretched me! he was my only Son.

1. *So*. Come take the Rogue and hang him on that tree,  
Unless he presently confess his Money.

2. *Con*. Oh! Sir, I will confess! I will confess.

3. *Son*. Then you have money, Sirrah?

2 *Coun*. Yes, a little.

1 *Son*. A little! Oh! you Rogue! just now you had none.  
You have a little too?

1 *Coun*. Yes, Sir, a little.

2 *So*. And where's your little Money? quickly! quickly!

2 *Con*. Mine is buried here, under my Hearth.

1 *So*. Come digg and find it.

2 *Co*. Oh! undone!

1 *Soul*. Digg, Digg.

[ 2 Countryman diggs.

2 *Soul*. Where is your Money, Sirrah?

1 *Con*. In my Cow-house

Under the Dung.

2 *Soul*. Go, Sirrah! go and fetch it.

[Exit. 1 Countryman.

2 *Con*. Here's all my money! Sir.

2 *Soul*. Here all, you Rogue?

Sirrah! you lye! you have ten times as much.

Do not I know you a fat Bacon Rogue,

That have been smoking in *Plantagenet's* Chimney,

These forty years? Sirrah! I know your purse

Cut's a foot thick, of Reechy golden fat.

2 *Con*. Indeed here's every penny, that I have.

1 *So*. Do you think, Sirrah, we'll be chous'd o' this fashion?

We have hang'd half the people in your Country,

For offering to put such tricks upon us;

And therefore have a care.

2 *Coun*. Oh! I'll confess!

I'm an old man, and my only Son is kill'd:

And now I care not what becomes o' me.

I'll shew you all I have; there it lies buried

Under yon Oak.

1 *Soul*. Go, Sirrah, go and fetch it.

*Enter the first Countryman.*

1. *Coun.* Here's all I have been getting forty years.  
Pray spare me a little for my two poor Daughters.

1. *So.* How has he Daughters? we shall have more sport.

All 3. *So.* Hay! for the Daughters! Hay for the Daughters. [Ex.]

1 *Co.* Ah! my poor Daughters! [Ex.]

*Enter the Souldiers chasing two Country Girles, who cry, help! help! their Father runs after 'em weeping: they all run over the Stage. After cries within.*

*Enter the Souldiers with Money baggs, dragging the Countrymen.  
Scene continues.*

2 *Soul.* So now you Rogues, how do you like Rebellion?  
You were a Couple of seditious Rogues,  
That us'd at Ale-houses to pay for all  
That rail'd against the King, and Government.  
Now had not you better have Plowed, and Carted,  
And pay'd your Taxes honestly and quietly,  
Then have your Money seiz'd, your Daughters ravish'd,  
Your Sons knock'd o' the head, and your selves hang'd,  
As you shall be?

1 *Coun.* Oh! Sir! I hope not so,  
Now you have promis'd us.

1 *Soul.* You impudent Doggs,  
Did not you swear Allegiance to your King?  
Yet break your Oaths to him? and do you expect,  
We shou'd keep Verbal promises with you?

2. *Soul.* This Country belongs, Sirrah, to your Landlord;  
And we have orders to take all the Money,  
Burn all the Houses, and hang all the people.  
We have obey'd our orders yet, and will.

*The Scene is drawn, and there appears Houses and Towns burning, Men and Women hang'd upon Trees, and Children on the tops of Pikes.*

1 } *Coun.* Oh Heaven! have mercy on us! have mercy on us!

2 } *Soul.* Now Rogues, how do you like Rebellion?

2. *Soul.* Come hang 'em whilst there is a Tree to spare,  
They are almost all bespoken. [Drum beats.]

*Enter a Scout.*

*Scout.* To Armes, to Armes, Warwick is coming.

All 3. *Warwick!* Arme, Arm, Arm. [Ex.]

*Enter*



*Enter Richard, Warwick, Souldiers.*

*Ric.* Oh horrid spectacle! See here, my Lord!

*War.* The Queen is planting in your Fathers Lands  
An Orchard for the Devil.

*Ric.* I will dung this Orchard  
With the blood of those that planted it,  
I have a Spirit in this crooked Trunck  
Stands like a keeper in a hollow Tree,  
Ready with bended bow to shoot fat Deer,  
And down goe's thou, thy *Henry*, all thy Race.  
P'll not leave killing, 'till I've built my Father  
A monument of Bones and Sculls of Enemies  
That shall o'relook th' *Aegyptian Pyramids*.  
Oh that my Brother *Edward* now were come!

*War.* Till his Troops come we cannot fight the Enemy,  
For they are above thirty thousand strong,  
And we scarce twelve.

*Enter Edward, a Woman.*

*Ric.* What do I see! I think  
I see him there! pray look, my Lord, and tell me.  
Now I am sure 'tis he! for there's a Woman:  
Oh! we are ruin'd! for I will be damn'd,  
If he has not been with her all this Night.

*War.* He durst not do it, durst not serve me so.

*Ed.* I see my Brother and my Lord of *Warwick*,  
Retire.

[*Ex. Wom.*]

*War.* My Lord.

*Ed.* My Lord of *Warwick*.

*War.* Yes my Lord;  
Where are your men?

*Ed.* My Lord, I must confess,  
I've been to night a happy, but great sinner.  
Starting to gallop for the Crown, my destiny  
Flung in my way brighter temptations,  
Than were all *Atalanta's Golden Balls*,  
That had it cost a Kingdom and my life,  
I cou'd not but have stoop'd to take 'em up.

*Ric.* 'Tis well, must all the glory we have div'd for  
In Seas of blood, be melted in a kiss,  
And swallowed down like *Cleopatra's pear*

In one sweet draught?

*War.* So you have serv'd me well.

*Ric.* And do you thus revenge our Fathers blood?

*War.* But what revenge shall I have for the ruin,  
That I am like to suffer in your service?

*Ed.* Fear not.

*War.* I do not fear, I know which way  
I can repair my self; in *Henry's* service  
I can have greatness with leis pains, and dangr,  
Than I must take in yours to be undone.

*Ed.* You will not leave me?

*War.* You first left your self,  
And left me too.

*Ed.* I beg your pardon for it,  
Who, now my Fathers murderd, am your King.

*War.* You are my King, but King of my own making,  
And I, like Heaven, repent I've made a Creature  
Who for the Apple of a rowling Eye,  
Will lose a World: But I'll secure my share of it.  
I will go make *Henry* a King again,  
And tumble you again into a subject.

*Ed.* You will not fure, my Lord!

*War.* I swear I will.

*Ed.* Oh but you cannot do it.

*War.* I'll try that.

*Ed.* You can at most but make *Henry* a Tyrant,  
For I am lawful King.

*War.* Oh! I'll give *Henry*  
My Sword, and do you keep your lawfulness,  
Then try which of you will be King of *England*.  
I ne're found Conscience or in Priest, or Layman  
So firm at anchor, but a golden Ax  
Wou'd cut the Cable, or succes cou'd weigh it,  
And set the Conscience swimming with the Tyde.

*Ric.* Oh! I cou'd tear my flesh! must we be ruin'd  
For a fair Toy? — but I will not be ruin'd.  
For I will seek the Kingdom for my self.

*Ed.* Brother, 'tis well.

*Rich.* Brother, it shall be ill,  
Exceeding ill with you, and very quickly.

*Ed.* Hold! I command you both hear me one word.  
Know I have only made a Tryal of you,  
For I have brought the Troops that you desir'd,  
I march'd 'em hither with such expedition,  
Their front encounter'd here the front of day.

May more, I've brought my Brother and his Troops,  
Both Armies are not half a mile from hence;  
And here my Brother is: Brother, come hither.

Enter George.

*Geo.* I heard of our great Fathers sad misfortunes  
And came to his revenge with all the speed  
A hungry wretch wou'd do to a great feast,  
Where there were many guests, and he far off.

*Ed.* Now my good faithful Friends, what think you both?  
Now, *Warwick*, will you make *Henry* a King?  
And, Brother, will you make your self a King?  
I was inform'd of what I have discover'd  
That you, good Brother, sought to be a King;  
And *Warwick* to command him, who is King;  
And him you cannot Govern, you will ruin.  
*Henry* is govern'd by the Queen and *Clifford*  
And so because there is no room for Rule,  
You fight for us to make us all your Vassals.

*War.* Who durst say this of me?

*Ric.* And what bold Villain  
Durst give you such a Character of me?

*Ed.* Oh! you are angry, I'm inform'd the truth.  
If they be Villains, who durst tell me this,  
Then what are you, who durst to my own face  
Threaten to do all this?

*War.* It was all passion.

*Ric.* Nothing but passion.

*Ed.* Brother, you are wrong'd,  
Or in cold blood you are as bad as this;  
You act the undermining *Polititian*,  
A King is a strong Tower on a high Rock,  
And it is dangerous to storm him openly;  
So at a mighty distance they break ground  
And cast up earth, that is by subtle tricks  
They raise the dirty crow'd, and behind them  
They lie secure from Royal battery.  
There if they find any unguarded place,  
About the King, they use it most unmercifully.  
My heart to beauty always lies too open,  
And that infirmitie thou givest no quarter;  
Though thou who censurest me, because sometimes,  
I shed some vacant hours among fair Women,  
Wou'dst shed the blood, or of thy Friend or King,

Or if thy Father, were he now alive,  
To gain a Crown, for there is thy chief Lust.

*Ric.* That is a Cruel censure.

*Ed.* But a true one,  
Who stabs my Name, wou'd stab my Person too,  
Did not the Hangman's Ax lye in his way,  
And no man care's to stumble upon that.

*War.* Well, Sir, I have so long gone clad in Steel,  
I have forgot to kneel; but yet my Spirit,  
More stubborn than my sinews, bends to you,  
And begs your pardon for my too rash passion,  
For 'twas no more, and there appear'd occasion;  
Though you it seems kindled the fire o' purpose  
To shew us by the light of it our faults.

*Ed.* Nay, I will own after the days Fatigues,  
I fell into an ambuscade of beauty,  
Where ignorant of what befell my Father,  
And deep in Love, I lay some hours last night;  
And which of you wou'd not have done the same?

*War.* All of us wou'd, and, Sir, I humbly beg you  
Think my wild passion was the Woman in me,  
And I've enjoy'd my Woman, as you yours.

*Ed.* My Lord, I know you wou'd enjoy your Woman,  
I mean your Mistress, for you have a Mistress,  
And you, who threatned to revolt from me;  
Because some moments, which were due to business,  
I gave away to Beauty, and to Love,  
Had almost at S. *Albans* given away  
Our victory, to a Woman that abhorr'd you.

*War.* Ha!

*Ed.* Yes, my Lord, I was inform'd the story.  
You woo'd her, over her dead Husband's Body,  
Till you were almost taken by the Enemy.  
I do not know her Name, I never pry  
Into your pleasures, though you censure mine.  
But thou in Chastity, wou'dst seem a *Scipio*.  
Know, that the Woman that thou saw'st me with,  
Was thy own Whore.

*Ric.* Ha!

*Ed.* Yes, thy own poor Whore,  
A Peasant's dirty Daughter, whom thou keep'st,  
By whom thou hast a little tawny Bastard,  
Whom I o' purpose brought to shew thy Faults,  
In th' eyes, where thou hast often seen thy face.  
This is the Lady.

*Enter*

Enter Woman.

*Ric.* Cursed treacherous jade!

[*Aside.*

*Ed.* Now, Sirs, what think you?

*Ge.* Pray, Sir, give me leave

To intercede for 'em, I see shame covers 'em,  
And to great minds no punishment like shame.

*Rich.* Sir, not for mine, but for my Father's sake  
Pardon my Errours and accept my Service,  
That I may aid you to revenge his Blood.

[*Kneels both.*

*War.* Sir, not for mine, but for the Kingdoms sake,  
Pardon my Errours and accept my service,  
For I by placing you in the *English* Throne  
Shall place the *English* Throne above the World.

*Ed.* Rise both of you, I freely pardon you,  
And yet methinks it is unequal usage  
A King shou'd pardon all the faults of Subjects,  
And Subjects pardon nothing in their King;  
When a King's crown'd, he is not deified,  
When he puts on the Royal Robes, he does not  
Therefore put of th' Infirmities of man.  
I own I have my faults, and so have you,  
You see I have convinc'd you, and I did it  
That you might leave your faults and pardon mine;  
Or if you kept your faults to part with me;  
For if my Lord of *Warwick* does design  
By all his Service only to enslave me,  
I shall lose nothing by his leaving me,  
I can but be a Slave when I am conquer'd,  
And if my Brother *Richard* has worse ends——

*Ric.* Oh! Sir, no more, unless you do design  
I shou'd rip up my Breast to shew my heart——

*War.* Sir, I'll desire no farther pardon of you,  
Till I have writ it in your Enemies Blood,  
And pawn'd my Life and Fortune for my Loyalty.

*Ed.* Our Friendship then is stronger for this breach,  
Now let us bend our talk to our Affairs,  
On the sad tidings of my Father's death,  
Which I but lately heard, I sent Commissioners  
To *Henry* to demand the Crown of him  
According to the Oath he made in Parliament.  
They are here!—— what tidings? Peace, or War?

Enter

*Enter Commissioners.*

*Com. War.*

*All. War.*

*1 Com.* Th' Amazon Queen drags *Henry* to the Battel.  
He fain would keep his Oath, but she'll not suffer him.

*Ric.* I'm glad of it, I would not for a Kingdom  
Peace shou'd chain up that Bloody Mastiff *Clifford*,  
And keep him safe from the edge of our keen Swords.

*War.* You wrong the Beast to give that name to *Clifford*,  
An *English* Mastiff scorns to bite a Child.

*Ed.* Now let us march to meet the Enemy,  
This day decides who shall be King of *England*,  
The right is ours.

*War.* And Justice will prevail,  
Since Right and Merit both are in the Scale. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT. IV.

*An Alarm.*

*Enter King Henry, the Queen, Prince, Clifford.*

*Cl.* **D**amn your unlucky Planets, pray, Sir, get you  
Out of the Battel, 'tis impossible  
For men to fight the malice of your Planets.

*Qu.* He tells you true, Sir, Victory will never  
Come where you are.

*Hen.* Victory will not come  
Where Perjury is, you make me break my Oath.

*Cl.* You ought not to have sworn so ill an Oath.

*Pr.* Father, you cannot give away my Right,  
I'll rather lose my life than my Inheritance.

*Cl.* Spoke like a Prince.

*Hen.* Oh! Boy, if thou didst know  
What a Crown was, thou wou'dst be more content,  
If I shou'd leave thee no Inheritance,  
But the Example of my vertuous deeds;  
I wish my Father had left me no more.

*Cl.* Oh! damn all this! — come, let us to the Battel.

[*Ex. Cl. Qu. Pr.*

*Hen.* Oh! how this Fellow curses? he accuses

My

My Stars for my misfortunes, when his Curses  
 Wound all my Men, and poyson the Enemies shot.  
 Wou'd I were dead if it were Heav'ns good will!  
 For I am very weary of this World.  
 Troublesome folly governs all this World.  
 Men live her Vassals, and they dye her Martyrs.  
 Oh! happy he who in an humble state  
 Only attends on Nature's easie business,  
 And brings white heirs down to a quiet Grave,  
 Falling to earth, as gently as the Snow,

[Lyes down

*Alarm! Enter a Son bearing his Father.*

Here comes a wretch laden, as he believes,  
 With happy Fortune, 'tis with bloody folly,  
 And Heaven has carv'd Fool on his breast with wounds.

*Son.* Who e're thou art thy life has cost me dear,  
 But I'll repay my self out of thy Gold;  
 If thou hast any; with the hopes of that  
 I took such pains to kill thee. And yet I  
 Who plunder thee, may be compel'd e're Night,  
 To give my life, and plunder to another.  
 What's this? Oh! Heaven! I have kill'd my Father.  
 Oh Father pardon me, I did not know thee.  
 I was in *London* prest to serve the King,  
 And thou the Earl of *Warwick's* servant prest,  
 To fight on th' other side, and so unknown  
 We met and Fought; and so unknown I kill'd thee!  
 Oh from thy Bosom I will wash away,  
 With tears, the marks of this unnatural Crime.

*Hen.* Oh piteous spectacle! Oh sad confusions!  
 What horrid errors, and unnatural ills  
 Our horrid and unnatural war produces!  
 Poor wretch, didst thou want tears I cou'd supply thee.

*Enter a Father bearing his Son.*

*Fath.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me;  
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,  
 For I have bought it with a hundred blows.  
 Ha! let me see, is this my Enemy?  
 Ah no, my Son, I've kill'd my only Son.

*Hen.* Ah woe on woe, Heaven stop these bloody mischiefs,  
 Though by the Death of me and all my Race.

*Son.* Oh I have ta'ne his life who gave me mine.

*Fath.* Oh! I've kill'd him for whom I would have dyed.

*Son.* How will my Mother for my Fathers death  
Take on with me?

*Fath.* How will my mourning Wife,  
Accuse me of the slaughter of my Son?

*Hen.* How will my people charge all this on me?

*Son.* I'll bear thee hence and weep, but fight no more.

[Ex.]

*Fath.* I'll bear thee hence and weep; but kill no more,  
Except my self with sorrow.

[Ex.]

*Hen.* Oh poor men!

Here is a King more woful than you all;

For you grieve for your selves, I for you all.

Oh you, who when you suffer by your Kings,

Think to mend all by War, and by Rebellion!

See here, your sad mistakes! how dreadfully

You scourge your selves! learn here the greatest Tyrant

Is to be chose before the least Rebellion.

And Oh you Kings, who let your people rule,

Till they have run themselves into confusion,

See here your gentleness is greatest Tyranny!

*Enter Prince, and Queen.*

*Pr.* Fly, Father fly, all's lost, your Friends are fled.

*Qu.* The day is lost, and with the day, the Kingdom.

*Hen.* Where's Clifford?

*Qu.* I believe he's dead by this time,

I met him bleeding with a hundred wounds.

He all the day rowl'd like a fiery meteor,

About the field, and burnt up men like reeds;

But now in lakes of blood his fire is quench'd.

Post you to *Scotland* with all haste you can;

I will to *France*, to beg that Kings assistance.

[Ex. Qu. Pr.]

*Hen.* I go, but care not what becomes o' me.

[Ex.]

*Enter Clifford wounded.*

*Cl.* Here burns my Candle out, that lighted *Henry*.

*Warwick*, and all *Plantagenets* three Sons.

And all King *Henry's* malicious Planets

With much ado to day have kill'd one man.

*Henry's* Stars ruine me, and my fall him.

But his soft sway made way for his destruction:

Oh! *Henry*, hadst thou rul'd as Kings shou'd do,

Or as thy Father, or his Father did,

These



These Summer flies had never sprung to sting thee,  
 Rebels you thrive, and may Rebellion thrive  
 That Rogues may cut your throats as you do ours.  
 The Ayr has got into my deadly wounds ;  
 I am too faint to Fight or Fly ; and Mercy,  
 I deserve none, and will have none from Rebels,  
 I scorn to live by them who deserve death.  
 Fate Guards the Scaffold, but she hates the Office,  
 And will e're long let Rebels have their own.  
 I'm going ! All you of *Plantagenets* Race—  
 My comfort is in death : I kill'd your Father. [Fall's

*Enter* Edward, George, Richard, Warwick.

*Ed.* Now the great cause is come to its decision :  
 Are any Troops gone to pursue the Queen ?  
 On her tame *Henry's* fortune does depend  
 As the Seas ebb and flow does on the Moon.

*War.* Yes, I took care o' that.

*Rich.* My chief care was,  
 To hunt the bloody *Clifford*, but I cou'd not  
 Find him among the living, or the dead.

*War.* I thought you set death's mark so deep upon him,  
 Death cou'd not miss him.

*Geo.* Fortune at us all  
 Play'd him to day, but when he was in danger,  
 Snatch'd him away again, as who shou'd say,  
 When I have lost this card my game is gone.

*Cl.* Oh !—(Groans)

*Ed.* What Soul is that, that takes her heavy leave ?  
 See who it is, and be he Friend or Enemy  
 Use him with mercy.

*Ric.* No—'tis bloody *Clifford*.

*Ed.*

*War.* } *Clifford?*—

*Geo.*

*Rich.* He's dead ! oh that he had but life,  
 And sense enough to see and hear, and know us !  
 That we might scoff him as he did our Father.

*Ric.* Damn him, he counterfeits to shun our taunts.

*Clifford*, you know me, ask me mercy ; *Clifford* ;  
 I am the Son of your dear Friend, *Plantagenet*,  
 I'll pity you, for you did pity *Rutland*.

*Geo.* No answer ? prithee swear as thou wast wont.

*War.* He's dead I'm certain, if he does not swear.

*Cl.*

*Cl.* Damnation on you all——

*Ed.* He Curses! he Curses!

*War.* Then there is hopes of him.

*Ed.* 'Twas his last Prayer:

Off with his Head, and place it on the pinnacle,  
Where the bold bloody Slave durst place our Fathers.

*War.* Now let the Trumpets proclaim *Edward* King.

[Dye's

*A Flourish of Trumpets.*

*Trum.* Long live *Edward* the fourth, King of *England* and *France*,  
And Lord of *Ireland*. (a Shout.)

*War.* Now march to *London*, Sir, I will to *France*,  
About the Marriage you so much approved of  
With the fair Lady *Bona* that *Queens* Sister.

*Ed.* Oh! thou hast made me much in love with her  
And all Relations have encreas'd my Passion.

*War.* Sir, She's the fairest Creature in the World;  
And in that Marriage you will not only  
Have a fair bedfellow for your delight,  
But that great King your friend for your security.

*Ed.* I cannot marry better; haste away.

*War.* I'm glad of this, I have secur'd my Mistress. [Aside]  
Some days ago (as you commanded me)  
I did dispatch an Envoy to King *Lewis*,  
To make the offer, and he seem'd unwilling,  
Not knowing what th' event of War wou'd be.  
But now I with the Sword, that conquer'd *Henry*,  
Will go my self Embassador, and try,  
If a *French* King dare's deny any thing  
To an *English* conquering Sword.

*Ed.* Oh! thou hast given me  
A Crown, give me this Beauty, and thou art  
A God to me, thy gifts are all divine.

*Geo.* My life too on his bounty does depend.

*War.* Is it in me to give you happiness?

*Geo.* Yes, if a Father can bestow a Daughter.

*War.* I shall be very proud, you will accept her.

*Geo.* I shall be very happy to attain her.

*War.* She shall be yours, if the King give consent.

*Ed.* My Brother cou'd not have oblig'd me more  
Than in this choice.

*War.* Then she's at his devotion.

*Geo.* Then I'm a happy man.

*Ed.* The Earl of *Warwick*

Is the good Angel of our Family.

*Ric.* Of what strange stuff so different from my Brothers  
Am I made? they are all-over love;  
I have appetite, but not one grain of Love.

*Ed.* Thou art not of a mould for love to grow in;  
Men plant not flowers in a Kitchen garden.

Well, Brother, I create you Duke of *Clarence*.

You, Brother *Richard*, I make Duke of *Gloucester*.

*Ric.* I do not like the Title, it is ominous.

*Ed.* A foolish observation! —

*War.* Royal Sir,  
I'll take my leave. —

*Ed.* Success attend thy Embassy.

*Geo.* I'll take my leave.

*Ed.* Success attend your love —

[Ex.]

[Ex.]

*Scene a Chamber.*

*Enter Lady Grey, and her Woman.*

*La. Gr.* King *Henry* beaten? poor unfortunate King!  
I and my Children are all ruin'd with him;  
The conquerors will seize my Husbands lands.

*Wom.* Madam, the greatest Conquerour is your Friend,  
The Earl of *Warwick*, he'll preserve your Fortune,  
Yes, and advance 'em, if you'd give him leave.

*La. Gr.* Name not that insolent great man, I hate him.

*Enter a Page.*

*Pa.* Madam, the Earl of *Warwick's* coming up.

*La. Gr.* He coming up? how knows he I am here?

*Pa.* His Servants learnt it accidentally.

*Enter Earl of Warwick.*

*War.* So near fair Widow, and my beating pulses,  
And quivering flesh give me no notice of it?  
For the kind needle never fails to tremble  
When it approaches it's beloved Pole.  
What have you paid formality her wages,  
And turn'd off that old Governess of Women?  
Have you yet dryed your eyes, and drawn your Curtains?  
Is the Son good enough to be admitted o you?  
If so I hope his humble kindred may,  
For I am near a-kin to him in heat.

In

In short you shall be mine, if I can give  
Others a Crown, I'll give my self a wife.

*La. Gr.* If you were serious, as I think you are not,  
You give me a brave occasion to revenge  
My Husbands blood and your affronts to me,  
By making you unhappy in a Wife.

*War.* Were you the first of Widows that talk'd thus,  
I must confess I think 'twou'd damp my courage,  
But when this is the constant language spoke  
In the dark shady Land of Vailes and mourning,  
Shou'd I be scar'd, I were as rank a fool  
As the dull Heroe that shou'd leave a pleasant  
Country he conquer'd, 'cause the people speak  
A strange odd Language; you are a conquer'd Province  
And you may keep your Language and your Customs;  
But I will have the Government and Tribute.

*La. Gr.* My Lord, I have affairs of greater consequence  
Then this fond talk, and so your humble Servant.

*War.* So have not I; and therefore you shall stay.

*La. Gr.* What do you mean my Lord?

*War.* I mean, my Lady,

To marry you this day, enjoy you this night.

*La. Gr.* My Lord, I tell you plainly I do not love you.

*War.* All's one, I tell you plainly I will have you.

I know you are a woman of great virtue,  
And time will file away these rugged humours.  
But if it do not, though your soul be rough,  
Your body will be smooth, your Cheeks be soft,  
Your eyes be sparkling, and your lips be tempting:  
And more perhaps might make me mad with love.  
Ho! call a Parson!

*La. Gr.* Now my Lord?

*VVar.* Ay! now.

*La. Gr.* What, and my Husband dyed so very lately?

*War.* What then? what has the dead to do with us?

*La. Gr.* I'll rather go a begging with my Children.

*War.* Come leave this fooling!—by this kiss you shall.

*La. Gr.* I'll dye e're suffer all this barb'rous rudeness.

*War.* VVell thou art a most-beauteous Creature,  
I'm going now Embassadour for *France*,  
I'll let thee keep thy humour one month more  
But then at my return be sure I find thee  
Divorc'd from sorrow and the dead for ever;  
Give not one sigh or to the dead or living.  
Sigh thou for any Man alive but me.

And

And though a King he had better be a slave,  
Sigh for the dead, I'll tear him from his Grave. —————

[Ex]

*La. Gr.* What shall I do? for I abhor this man.  
What comes into my thoughts? is it not said  
King *Edward* (for we now must call him so)  
Lodges to night at his own Neighb'ring Castle?

*Wom.* Yes, Madam.

*La. Gr.* I'm inform'd he is a Prince  
Of a most noble Nature; I'm resolv'd  
To fling my self in sorrow at his Feet,  
And beg him to have pity on my Children,  
What e're their Father was, they are not his Enemies;  
And if I can obtain their Father's Lands,  
Then I shall 'scape this man, I so much hate.

[Ex.

*Scene a Room of State.*

*Enter Edward, Richard, Guards.*

*Ed.* The Scituation of this Castle pleases me.

*Rich.* But, Sir, not me, for I'm afraid it stands  
Too near a Beauty that once stopt your way,  
And I'm afraid will do it once again.

*Ed.* Women are moving Creatures, and may follow us.

*Rich.* Pardon my confidence, I love to serve  
My Friends as boldly as I fight my Enemies.

*Ed.* You say well, Brother, and I'll promise you,  
Nothing shall stay me here, beyond this night.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* A Lady, Sir, desires to kiss your hands.

*Ric.* A Lady? Pox o' Ladies; he is tinder  
To every Lady, and will catch new fire.

*Enter Lady Grey, and her Women: She kneels, kisses King Edward's  
hand, he raises her, and Salutes her.*

*Rich.* A very lovely woman! he is ruin'd!

*Ed.* I ne're had Eyes, or my eyes ne're saw beauty,  
Till this amazing minute.

*Ric.* So! he's gone:

Any one may have *London* now that will.

*La. Gr.* Sir, I present you humbly the petition

[Kneels again, and the King gazes.

Of a poor Widow, and her little Orphans:

I am the Widow of one Sir *John Grey*,  
 Who in *S. Alban's* Battel lost his life,  
 In the defence of him we thought our King.  
 If my poor Husband's Loyalty did err,  
 He dearly for that fatal error paid.  
 My humble prayer is, that my poor Orphans  
 May not be punish'd for their Fathers Faults,  
 If erring Loyalty can be a fault.

*Ed.* I am so rapt, I mind not what she say;  
 Nor that she is all this while upon her knees:  
 Pray, Madam, rise, —leave us—

[To the Attendants.

*Ric.* So she (I find),  
 Must grant a thing, before her thing be granted.

*Ex.*

*Ed.* Had you a Husband, Madam, did you say?

*La. Gr.* Yes, Sir, I had one at *S. Alban's* Battel;  
 His Name was Sir *John Grey*.

*Ed.* Oh happy man!  
 What excellence had he above mankind,  
 That he shou'd be more blest than all mankind?  
 And have you Children?

*La. Gr.* Many poor young Orphans.

*Ed.* Oh! wondrous happy man t' enjoy this Woman!  
 I must inquire about her, I was never,  
 Never so charm'd before. My Lord, come hither,  
 Pray do you know this Lady? (*Aside.*)

*Lord.* Yes, Sir, well:  
 She is the Widow of Sir *John Grey* of *Grooby*,  
 A man of Quality, and great Estate.  
 But a most vehement *Lancastrian*.

*Ed.* No matter: of what Family is she?

*Lord.* Her quality does far exceed her Husbands;  
 And yet her Virtue does exceed her quality.  
 She is the Daughter of Sir *Richard Woodville*,  
 Her Mother was sometimes Dutchesse of *Bedford*.

*Ed.* Dutchesse of *Bedford*? Ha!

*Lord.* Dutchesse of *Bedford*.  
 And Daughter of the Earl of *S. Pool*.

*Ed.* Of noble birth, and by her Mothers side  
 Related to the house of *Lancaster*.

*Lord.* She is by Marriage, Sir; that was the cause  
 That Sir *John Grey* was such a fierce *Lancastrian*.

*Ed.* She has Beauty, she has Virtue, she has Birth: (*Aside*)  
 Why may not this fair Lady be a Queen?  
 But she's a Subject, *England* will not like it.  
 And th' *English* Nation, like the Sea it governs,

Is bold and turbulent, and easily mov'd,  
 And always beats against the shore, that bounds it.  
 What? is the people free; and not the King?  
 Not free where every Slave is free, his bed?  
 Yes, so it is, it seems, and *English* fury  
 Will easily with any wind be rais'd,  
 To dash the Palaces, and Beds of Kings.  
 Come what come will, this Lady shall be mine.  
 She shall be, or my Mistress, or my Wife.  
 What was it, Madam, you desir'd o' me?

*La. Gr.* To give poor Orphans, Sir, their Father's Lands!

*Ed.* Heaven forbid I shou'd retain 'em from 'em!

*La. Gr.* Then, Sir, with humble thanks I take my leave.

*Ed.* Hold, Madam, for I must have one word more,  
 I must impose a Tax upon this Land.

*La. Gr.* It shall be thankfully, and gladly paid.

*Ed.* It will I'm sure more gladly be receiv'd.

It is an easie Tax, no more but Love.

*La. Gr.* No Loyal Subjects, Sir, but love their King.

*Ed.* But this is love, that none but you can grant.

*La. Gr.* I do not understand your meaning, Sir.

*Ed.* Truly, I scarcely understand my self,

For I have gaz'd my self out of my Reason.

*La. Gr.* With your permission, Sir, I'll take my leave.

*Ed.* Oh! you shall never, never part from me.

*La. Gr.* VVhat do you mean, Sir?

*Ed.* I mean all the Love,

E're was or can be in the heart of man.

*La. Gr.* Love, Sir?

*Ed.* Ay Love.

*La. Gr.* I dare not understand you,  
 Because I dare not think ill of my Prince.

*Ed.* Can there be ill in Love? there will be all  
 The happiness to me; glory to you,  
 Your heart and mine can possibly desire.

Why do you tremble, and draw back your hand?  
 You must not, shall not stir till you have granted,  
 What all this languishing, and pressing means.

*La. Gr.* Oh! I shall swoon! wou'd I had ne're come here!  
 Sir, I thus low most humbly beg of you,

Let it suffice your conquering armes have seiz'd  
 My Husbands life, your laws have seiz'd his Lands,  
 Seek not to take my honour, and my Vertue.  
 I never fought against you, ne're oppos'd you:

*Ed.* I wrong her beauty, it deserves a Crown,

(*Aside.*

E.

Every look claims a Kingdom as it's due ;  
And I, who gain'd my right, shou'd not wrong others.  
Madam, I mean nothing but honour to you,  
I am resolv'd to make you Queen of *England*.

*La. Gr.* Now, Sir, you mean dishonour to your self.  
I am as much unworthy to be Queen,  
As I'm above serving an ill design.

*Ed.* Rather the crown's unworthy of your Beauty.

*La. Gr.* It is impossible, you shou'd descend  
To such mean thoughts.

*Ed.* It is impossible,  
I shou'd have happiness without your Love.  
I had rather with your Love be your dead Husband,  
Than with your hatred be a living King.

*La. Gr.* I lately wish'd I never had come here  
For my own sake, I wish it now for yours :  
Oh! think Sir, what will all your Subjects say?

*Ed.* They'l say, I am in Love.

*La. Gr.* But will they not  
Be much displeas'd, their Prince shou'd love so low?

*Ed.* I give them leave to chuse where they like best ;  
Why shou'd I be the only man impos'd on?

*La. Gr.* But I'm a Widow, and have many Children.

*Ed.* And I have Children too, though I'm a Batchelour ;  
So we are tryed, and shall be sure of Heirs.

*La. Gr.* But you have sent to Court a foreign Princess,  
May bring your Kingdom great advantages.

*Ed.* Then let my Kingdom go and marry her.

*La. Gr.* Consider, you may enrage the Earl of *Warwick*.

*Ed.* He is my Friend, and Servant, not my Guardian.

*La. Gr.* But, Sir, they say you are promis'd to another.

*Ed.* When I'm a priest I will do penance for it.

*La. Gr.* I am afraid you'l lose your Subjects love.

*Ed.* Why shou'd I lose their love, by loving Subjects?

*La. Gr.* But you have many Subjects of more Beauty.

*Ed.* My Subjects if they please may marry 'em.  
I give them freedom, and I'll take my own,  
I'll take it too this minute.

*La. Gr.* At first sight?

You'l think me, Sir, immodest, shou'd I grant.

*Ed.* A King is above forms ; I'll have it so.  
Then come away.

*La. Gr.* What in this Mourning habit?

*Ed.* I marry not your habit, but your self.

*La. Gr.* The world will much condemn you, Sir.



*Ed.* I care not,  
I had rather live a minute in your Armes,  
Than many ages in the praise of Fools.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Most happy tydings, Sir! *Henry* your Enemy,  
Wandering alone, disguis'd in homely habit,  
Was taken by the Keepers of the Forrest,  
As he was reading in shady Covert.

*Ed.* Good news indeed! where is he? bring him to me.

*Enter King Henry in a poor habit, brought in by a Couple of Forresters.*

Why how now *Henry*? in this humble dress?

*Hen.* Insult not, *Edward*, over my misfortunes,  
But from this garb, in which thou scarce canst know me,  
Learn thou to know thy self; for in my fall  
Heaven humbles every King as well as me.

*Ed.* *Henry*, I pity thee, thou dost not suffer  
For thy own Crimes, but those of thy usurping  
And trayterous Ancestours. To *London* with him.  
And keep him a close Prisoner in the Tower.  
But let him there command all things but Liberty. [*Ex. Hen. with a guard.*  
How all my happineses flow together:  
A Crown upon my Head, my chiefest Enemy  
Under my Feet, and Beauty in my Armes. [*Ex.*

*Enter Richard.*

*Ric.* What's this? a Chaplain call'd for? he is mad—  
He'll marry her, and marry at first sight.  
Marry a Subject, nay, and a mean Subject,  
Nay, the poor wretched leavings of a Subject,  
A Widow, and the Widow of a Knight!  
I fear this Marriage will enrage the Kingdom,  
But I fear more the furious *Warwick's* Rage,  
Whose haughty temper will not bear the affront  
Of being sent on a mock-Embassy.  
Now, though I'd have him fight him, have him kill him,  
Kill both my Brothers, if he'd set up me:  
But that he cannot do, for he must fight  
In *Henry's* Name, and so must set up *Henry*.  
He's not far from hence, I'll after him,

And

And for my own sake I will pacify him;  
 And let the King mean while finish his marriage.  
 For I wou'd have him finish it, because  
 I'm told he has another Wife, if so,  
 The Children of this Marriage must be Bastards,  
 Then when I've kill'd *Henry*, and his Son,  
 And by some Arts destroy'd my Brother *Clarence*,  
 The King once dead, I'll Bastardize his Children;  
 Then am I King, but some will say by Villany:  
 That's Villany, that by it's ill success  
 Betray's a man and into ruin throws,  
 When once it gains a Crown, it vertue grows. [Ex.

*The Scene a Chapel*

Edward, and Lady Grey, A Priest, Attendants. The solemnity ended.

*Enter Lady Elianor Butler.*

*La. El.* Ha! is it so? and can the news be true?  
 It cannot be, I'll not believe my Eyes,  
 I'll know the truth ——— King *Edward*.

*Ed.* Lady *Elianor*? ———

*La. El.* My heart's so full I cannot speak to him.  
 Ha! is he shunning me? Nay, then he's guilty.  
 What is the cause, King *Edward*, you wou'd shun me?  
 Am I so strangely chang'd since I last saw you,  
 You cannot bear my sight?

*Ed.* No surely, Madam,  
 You are not alter'd for the worse, I'm certain,  
 And for the better 'tis impossible.

*La. El.* Oh! Sir, your passion's dead, and you are weaving  
 Garlands of fine expressions for it's Funeral.  
 If my small beauty were extreamly improv'd,  
 I were a horrid sight to thee; an Angel  
 Is a most dreadful Vision to a sinner.

*La. Gr.* Who is this?

*Ed.* One your beauty Triumphs over.

*La. El.* Come to the Bar, and answer me, great sinner,  
 What dost thou with this wretched Woman here?  
 How far hast thou undone thy Soul and her?  
 I'm told, thou hast sinn'd with her even to Marriage.  
 Thou durst not do it sure! — say, is it true?

*Ed.* Madam, I must confess, 'tis very true.

*La. El.* How? is it true?

*Ed.* Yes, Madam, it is true.

*La. El.*

*La. El.* What after all the Oaths thou hast sworn to me?

*Ed.* Beauties, like palaces, have several ways  
Of access to 'em; I believ'd those Oaths  
A form of speaking, which did please you best.  
What form o' damning in do you expect?  
The lowest place in Hell?

*Ed.* Rather a place  
Among the Saints of the Old Testament.

*La. El.* Yes, Jewish Saints; but pray, will Christian Saintship  
Admit such things?

*Ed.* Oh! yes! I, when I please,  
Can have a dispensation from his Holiness.

*La. El.* What then his Holiness will be your pardon?  
A very excellent office for a Pope!  
To be the Universal Bawd of Christendom!  
A very excellent Shepherd, that will give  
His sheep a dispensation to be rotten!

*Ed.* Well, you shall be my fair Confessor then,  
I'll own my sins to you, and ask your pardon.

*La. El.* And dost thou hope to have it?

*Ed.* I will give you  
Any other satisfaction.

*La. El.* What? thy blood?  
Do; kill thy self I swear I'll pardon thee.

*Ed.* I wou'd do much for that; but I wou'd live  
A little while to mend and to repent.

*La. El.* Would'st thou repent? oh! I will pray thou mayst.  
Oh may heaven lash thee with so many plagues,  
May fill thee, and surround thee with repentance!  
I will not curse this most unhappy Woman;  
For she alas! is curst enough in thee.  
Poor Woman, he has gull'd thee horridly,  
For he has only pick'd the name of wife  
Out of my Marriage sheet's, to hide thy shame with.  
As for his love in which thou think'st thee happy,  
'Tis like a Green-land-Summer, short and hot,  
And whilst it lasts 'tis day, all smiling day,  
But soon he goes to visit other provinces,  
But oh! he never like the Sun returns.  
Farewel, poor wretch, pitied not envied by me,  
Thou think'st we part with very different fortunes,  
I go to sorrow, and thou stay'st with joy;  
Alas! I leave thee but in a fools paradise,  
And very shortly we shall meet in Bedlam.

[*Ex.*  
*La.*

*La. Gr.* Oh, Sir, I like not this! this is an ill  
Beginning o' this day.

*Ed.* Why so, my Love?  
That's well begun, that is begun with sacrifice,  
She is thy sacrifice.

*A Cry within, Arm, Arm. Treason, Warwick! Warwick!*

*Then Enter Warwick and his Souldiers, and seize Edward, and Lady Grey.*

*Ed.* Why how now *Warwick*? What dost mean by this?

*War.* What mean'st thou Duke to put this scorn upon me?

*Ed.* Duke! when we parted thou didst call me King.

*War.* Then I disgrac'd the Title, and I gave it  
To one, who merit's not the name of Friend.  
Were I a King, I'd hang that common Fellow,  
That shou'd abuse a Friend, as thou hast me,  
And such a friend as I have been to thee.

*Ed.* Thou dost abuse thy self, in talking thus.

*War.* Then it is no abuse to me, to make me  
The scorn of every *French* Page, and waiting Woman.  
The Marriage is agreed on, nothing wanting  
To compleat all, but my arrival there,  
And all my Equipage and Train are gone.  
Now, when instead of me, this news arrives,  
I shall have all my Servants hist from *France*,  
My self be made a Common publick jest,  
I shall be call'd the great Ambassador,  
That goe's with splendour to negotiate nothing.  
But my Embassage is but like my conquest,  
For I have fought for thee, that is, for nothing.  
I've stole the Royal Robes to adorn nothing,  
And help it to another nothing—— Woman.

*La. Gr.* I'll tell you, Sir, whence all this fury spring's;  
This haughty Lord, who thinks his Sword has given  
Chains to our Sex, as well as to the men,  
Did strive to drag me to his marriage bed.  
And using many threats, I out of fear,  
Made some faint yieldings, but he finding now  
I'm plac'd above his reach, his burning envy  
Seek's to destroy what he cannot attain;  
Then calls his fury his revenge of honour.

*Ed.* Is that the mystery indeed?

*War.* Yes, Duke;

Thou

Thou with a Crown hast bought a Widow from me ;  
And bought her with the Kingdom which I gave thee.

*Ed.* Com'st thou to ruin me for love of beauty,  
And thou thy self rebel for love of it ?

*War.* I come to punish thy ingratitude.

*Ed.* I did not know thy Love, but say I did,  
If I commit a fault to take a Woman,  
To whom thou hast no right, then what dost thou,  
Who plunder'st thy Kings Right, thy Countreys peace ?

*War.* Thy glory's mine, my Sword created it.  
My Crime is thine, thy wrongs to me created it.

*Ed.* I'm a great Criminal to wrong a Subject,  
Thou none, to ruin both the King and Kingdom.  
Thus men, like Bears, devour the young of others ;  
But strive to lick their own fowl Cubs to shape.

*War.* I do no wrong in ruining you all,  
I but restore to every thing it's own.  
I to the Kingdom shall restore the damn'd  
Confusion, which my Sword took away from it.  
I shall restore this Woman to her tears.  
I found her weeping over her dead Husband :  
I'll leave her weeping over thy dead fortunes.  
I will restore thee, and all thy Family  
To the subjection from which I advanc'd it.  
Thy fortunes to their proper state I'll bring,  
Beauty shall be thy plague, thy foe thy King.

[*Ex.*

## A C T. V.

*Scene London.*

*Enter King Henry in a rich Robe, under a Canopy: The Queen and Prince followed by Warwick, and Guards, with their Swords drawn. Shouts, and Acclamations. They pass over the Stage. The Scene changes to the Palace. Enter King Henry, Queen, Prince, Warwick.*

*Qu.* **N**OW, Sir, you are King again, this valiant Lord  
Has left the horrid desarts of Rebellion ;  
Where he, and all his glorious deeds were lost,  
And found the Road of Honour.

*War.* I confess,  
Fortune did mislead me, and I the Kingdom,

To give your Royal Rights to a false Prince,  
Who has the Royal blood, no Royal Vertues;  
So has no right to Crowns those vertues gain'd.

*Hen.* I give you thanks, my Lord, for your great gifts;  
Life, Freedom, and a Crown; I call 'em gifts,  
'Cause you can take 'em from me, or let me keep 'em.  
To Life, and Freedom, I have a clear Title;  
Because I ne're did any ill, to forfeit 'em.  
But oh! I am afraid to wear the Crown  
For fear I share the murder that procur'd it.

*Qu.* Oh! Spiritless Prince! born for a Chain, a Prison:  
What if your Grandfather murder'd his King?  
Must you take Physick for his sicknesses?  
Nay, must you dye? for a Kings Crown and Life  
Go both together; So King *Richard* found it.

*Pr.* Sir, all our lives wholly depend on yours.  
And for one fault of my dead Grandfather,  
Which he perhaps repented, will you punish  
Thousands? You will sin to lose a Crown,  
More than my Grandfather did do to gain one.

*Qu.* If you will doom your self to be depos'd,  
Because the Crown was gotten by ill means;  
By the same law  
You may hang half your Kingdom:  
If men by inheriting their Fathers Fortunes,  
Inherit the Crimes, by which their Fathers gain'd 'em,  
Where is the Nation wou'd not deserve hanging?

*War.* Sir, talk no more; you are, and shall be King.  
All power is from Heav'n, Earth, or Hell.  
Heav'n send's you his consent in my success,  
The People send you all their votes in me;

*Hen.* My Lord, I have a Conscience I'll not part with  
For this and many Kingdoms; but you tell me,  
That Royal Virtue first gave royal Power;  
Now I have Royal Virtue, *Edward* none;  
And therefore I must Reign, and he be ruin'd.  
Oh! my Lord, this is a confounding principle.  
If Kings may lose their Rights for want of Virtue,  
And Subjects are the Judges of that Virtue;  
Then Kings are Subjects, and all Subjects Kings:  
And by that Law that Subjects may destroy  
Their Kings for want of Virtue, other Subjects  
May think those Subjects Rogues, and cut their throats.  
Thus *Babel* might be builded, but no Kingdom.

*Pr.* Sir, if you be no King, we are all Rebels,  
And ought to dye.

*War.* And you shall reign or dye;  
If you refuse the Crown, I'll carry it back;  
And with it both your heads, to ransom mine.  
I'll quench your lives, as Mariners wou'd do  
False lights, that lead their Vessels to destruction.

*Qu.* Why do you pause, Sir, will you rather dye,  
And let your Son dye too, e're be a King?

*Hen.* Powerful Nature is too hard for me.  
Will it not cost more bloud, if I shou'd Reign?

*War.* The VVar is at an end, *Edward's* my Pris'ner;  
Not only doom'd by Heaven unfit to Reign;  
But by his flesh and bloud, his Brother *Clarence*,  
VWho has revolted from him, and brought all  
His Troops to mine, and to create between us  
A lasting league, marries my youngest Daughter.

*Pr.* And I have given my heart, Sir, to her sister.  
Oh! do not make me wretched every way.

*Hen.* Oh! Nature conquer's me!

*Qu.* Oh! happy conquest.

*Pr.* Upon my knees, Sir, I return you thanks.

*Enter George.*

*War.* See, here come's he, who gallantly to serve  
His King and Country will forsake his Brother.

*Geo.* I thought my blood derived a Crown to us,  
But now I find it derives only Treason,  
To clear the taint, I come to set it boyling  
Over a flaming zeal for the Kings service.

*War.* VWhat think you now, Sir? do you judge your title  
Good, when your very Enemies proclaim it?

*Hen.* I find it's Heav'ns will, that I shou'd Reign.  
My noble Friends, let me embrace you both.  
My Lord of *Warwick* you are fortunate,  
I must beg you to rule, for I'm afraid,  
My thwarting Stars will blast this blessed Land.

*War.* Your Majesty is wise, to foresee evils,  
And good, that you wou'd save your people from 'em.  
Here stands a Prince most worthy of command.

*Geo.* The world has not more worth, than th' Earl of *Warwick*.

*Hen.* Give me your hands, I joyn you both together.  
I make you both Protectors of the Kingdom,  
Rule you, while I wait only on devotion.

*Qu.* So, now, my Son, thy inheritance is safe.

*Pr.* May I be happy in my Mistress too?

*Qu.* Yes, if the King consent.

*Hen.* With all my heart.

*War.* The Marriages shall then be both this minute.

*Hen.* With whom is *Edward* trusted?

*War.* With my Brother,  
The Arch-bishop of *York*.

*Geo.* I'm told he gives him liberty  
To hunt; and let's him go out slender guarded.

*War.* I will have that reform'd; in the mean while,  
We openly will proclaim *Edward* a Traytour,  
And seize his Lands.

*Geo.* Let's guard this City well;  
He has friends here, chiefly among the Women;  
And they rule men.

*Scene London. Enter Edward, Richard, disguis'd.*

*Ed.* Usurping *Henry*, and false changing *Warwick*  
Little think certain ruin is so near 'em.

*Ric.* I cannot tell what absolution  
The Priest of *York* may give his Brother *Warwick*,  
For all his horrid perjury's and Treason's,  
*Warwick* will give him none for your escape.

*Ed.* I shou'd be sorry if mine host, th' Arch-bishop,  
For all his civil entertainment of me,  
Shou'd have his reck'ning paid him with an Ax.

*Ric.* So shou'd I too, for if instead of giving you  
The publick Freedom, which you had to hunt;  
He had confin'd you to *Domitians* chace,  
Only to hunt flies in a bedchamber,  
You had not now been here to hunt his Brother.  
Well, Sir, Go you to all your City Friends,  
I'll to the Court; I have intelligence,  
How I may easily surprize your Enemies,  
If it be feazible, I'll venture on it. ——— [Ex

*The Scene a Chapel.*

*Prince, George, their Brides, and a Priest at the Altar; near 'em King  
Henry, Queen, Warwick, Guards, Attendants.*

*A Shout; Enter an Officer.*

*Off.* Arm! Arm! Arm! Lord *Edward*'s in the City.

*War.*



*War.* Thou art mad.

*Off.* I wish I were. I say, Lord *Edward*  
Is in the City.

*War.* In the Womens hearts?

*Off.* No, in the head of Troops of men and Women.  
There's nothing that can get a Pike or Spit,  
But cry they'll live and dye by brave King *Edward*.  
*Richard* is with him; they are all marching hither.

*War.* Oh! good Arch-bishop,  
You are a faithful Brother,  
We are very wise to trust our souls with priests,  
When their own Brothers cannot trust their heads with'em.  
I know this Trayt'rous Priest has sold my head  
To *Edward*, for th' Archbishoprick of *Canterbury*.

*Hen.* Do not too rashly censure an Archbishop.  
*Edward* might 'scape by wiles.

*War.* How? cheat a Priest?  
Then he deserves the Kingdom for his cunning.  
Do you think it is easie to cheat priests,  
Who by the help, but of some barbarous words;  
*As, Entity, Unity, Verity, Bonity,*  
*Quiddity, Quantity, Quality, Causality,*  
Have conjur'd all you Kings out of their Kingdoms?  
And *Edward* cheat a Priest,  
Who let a VVidow cheat him of his Kingdom?  
Oh! but you'll say, a VVoman cheated *Adam*.  
But Priests cheat women, cheat'em too of things  
Dear to'em as their lives, their bawdy secrets.  
They make *S. Peter's Keys*  
Open all *Italian locks* ——— enough of prating.  
I'll go beat *Edward*, and then hang my Brother.  
My Lord,

Draw up your Troops; you, Sir, stay here:

[To K. Hen.

You are unfortunate,

I do not care,

To have your curs'd Stars among my men.

[Ex.

*Qu.* I'll follow, and do you, Son, leave your Bride,  
And go with us, for I'm resolv'd to see thee

Heir to the Crown, or dying at my Feet.

[Ex.

*Pr.* Fear nothing, Love, I shall return victorious  
Your Royal blessing! ———

[Kneels to the King.

*Hen.* VVhat sad divining thoughts are these within me?

*Pr.* Oh Sir, why do you weep?

*Hen.* For thee, my Son.

I'm

I'm bound in duty to thy soul to tell thee,  
 Something from Heaven suggests our deaths are near.  
 Thou first must dye, I must behold the loss  
 Of all that's dear to me, and then must dye.

*Pr.* Oh Sir! —

*Hen.* 'Tis so! we never in this world  
 Must meet again.

*Pr.* Oh how shall I be able!  
 To fight, when e're I see the enemy,  
 My King and Father wounds me to the heart?  
 See, my Love's weeping too, I'm shot o' both sides;  
 And in my heart the deadly Arrows meet:  
 I'll rather run among the Enemies Swords,  
 Than here be kill'd with sorrow by my Friends. [Ex.]

*Geo.* So, now will I go joyn my Brother Edward; (*Aside.*)  
 I am secure of *Warwick's* beautiful daughter.  
 Now let the Devil take *Warwick* and his Treason,  
 He made me take that brass Coin with his Daughter;  
 But I will pay him the damn'd portion back again.  
 He made me swear he'll say, but war's a game,  
 And so is Love, and Gamesters Oaths are nothing.  
 My Brothers Souldiers are got in the palace, [*An Alarm.*]  
 They seek their Enemies, but shall find Friends. [Ex.]

*An Alarm.*

*Enter Richard, George, Souldiers, and seize Henry and the Women.*

*Ric.* How now! thou Traytour! thou unnatural Traytor!

*Geo.* Thou wrong'st me, I am as Loyal as thy self.  
 V What I have done, was only in design  
 To gain this beauty, and now she is mine  
 My Loyalty is mine.

*Ric.* Can this be true?

*Geo.* Thou saw'st it true, thou saw'st I fought for thee.

*Ric.* Thou didst; but I believ'd it was thy Cowardize,  
 That made thee now betray thy Friend, as lust  
 Made thee betray thy Brother.

*Geo.* It is false.

And if I don't appear to day in Battel,  
 As valiant, and as Loyal as thy self,  
 I'll kill my self.

*Ric.* Do that, and I'll embrace thee.  
 But let's away: our Royal Brother wants us.— [Ex.]

*The Scene the Field.*

*Enter VVarwick, Queen, Prince, guards.*

*Qu.* Oh! cursed Traytour! why wou'd you e're trust  
One that was always false?

*War.* I was bewitch'd;  
To trust a man, who had betray'd his Brother.

*Pr.* My Fathers words now sink into my breast;  
He said at parting, we shou'd never meet  
On Earth again.

*War.* VVell if the Villains murder him,  
I will revenge his bloud, and make you King.  
VVhene're I went to work to make a King,  
Ine're yet fail'd, whatever stuff I had;  
But hark the Traytors come! let us fall on.

[*Ex. Trumpets.*]

*An Alarm.*

*Enter Edward, Enter Lady Elianor in mans habit.*

*La. El.* Turn this way, *Edward*; here's an Enemy,  
Thirsts for thy bloud.

[*La. El. and Ed. Fight, La. El. falls.*]

*Ed.* VVhat bold young man is this?  
Thou art dispatch'd, I wonder who thou art.

*La. El.* Look on me well—see if thou dost not know me.

*Ed.* May I believe my eyes!

*La. El.* Thou may'st, *King Edward*,  
They speak more truth, than e're thou didst to me.

*Ed.* Oh! killing fight!

*La. El.* VVou'd thou hadst never seen me,  
The cold Earth had not been my Death-bed then,  
Nor had I needed (as I do) two graves,  
One for my self, the other for my name.

*Ed.* Oh Heaven!  
How have I wrong'd this beautiful Creature!  
First robb'd her of her Fame, now of her Life!

*La. El.* Ah! Monarch, do I merit this for Love?

*Ed.* Oh no, but I deserve a thousand plagues;  
And I have here with my own hand broke open  
A fair *Pandora's* box to let 'em out,  
To fly about my head.

*La. El.* Indeed, *King Edward*,  
My injuries have already found thee out,

Have

Have driven thee from thy throne, how far will drive thee,  
 I cannot tell, I will not curse thee now :  
 Cursing is not a language spoke in Heaven,  
 And I am very near that glorious Kingdom,  
 Therefore I'll speak the language that is blessing.  
 May this be the last day of all thy Troubles !  
 And I be the last woman thou shalt wrong !  
 May Heaven forgive thy broken Vows, as I do,  
 And quicklier forget 'em all than thou didst !  
 And this one poor request I beg of thee :  
 Since I was all the staine of my great Family,  
 And I have made thy self, who wert the cause of it,  
 With thy own Sword, cut out the ruined piece,  
 Oh hide it, where it may no more be seen,  
 But be forgot by all, as 'twill by thee!

[Dyes.

Ed. She's gone ! She's gone !  
 Oh ! thou sweet injur'd beauty,  
 I never shall forget thee whilst I live,  
 Thy wrongs I fear will haunt my mind and fortune,  
 In this sweet spot of Earth I fear I've planted  
 Much mischief for my self ; I gather'd all  
 The Sweets, and now Thorns will spring up to tear me.

*Enter an Officer.*

Off. Oh Sir, the Earl of *Warwick* ranges o're  
 The Field, with so much fury, and success  
 Your Troops are just upon the point of flying.

Ed. My punishment so soon pursue my Crime !  
 This beauties wrongs steel that proud Rebels Sword,  
 And give it all the kneeness that it has  
 Oh Heav'n hide thy eyes from this sweet Creature,  
 At least for this one hour ; and here I vow,  
 I will give o're robbing such spicy Isles,  
 And take an honest dwelling at my own,  
 Lest sailing to a fro a Tempest fall,  
 That shall revenge the injuries of 'em all.

[Ex.

*Enter Edward and Warwick Fighting, Warwick falls.*

Ed. Now I am King of *England*, and I owe,  
 My Crown to my own Sword, and not to thine.

War. Insult not, *Edward*, for I am not kill'd  
 By thee, but *Henries* cursed Destiny.  
 I'm crush'd under the wheels of his damn'd fortune,

I am ground all to pieces by his Stars.  
My fortune sickned when I first came under 'em;  
Truth is, my Spirit led her such a dance,  
She cou'd not keep me company, but tyr'd,  
Now sit's her down, and like a poor cast Whore,  
Is glad to be pick'd up by any body.

Now thou maist banish fear, for I am dying;  
Who, when I liv'd, cou'd frown thee into a Subject,  
Bury thee in the wrinkle of my brow.

*Ed.* Talk not of burying Kings, but rather think  
Of burying all thy Crimes in penitence.

*War.* My greatest Crime is, that I e're serv'd thee,  
Whose base ingratitude has ruin'd me;  
I gave thee Kingdoms, and thou giv'st me death. [*Dyes.*]

*Ed.* I ne're wrong'd thee, nor didst thou e're serve me,  
Thou hast been wrong'd by nothing, but my ignorance,  
And hast serv'd nothing, but thy vanity;  
And nothing else I fear will e're reward thee.

*Enter George, Richard, and Guards.*

*Geo.* Now, Sir, I hope you will forgive my errours  
For Beauties sake, for Beauty drew me in,  
And you have felt the mighty power of Beauty.

*Ed.* Brother, your errours are all buried under  
Heaps of my Enemies, you have kill'd to day.  
I have dispatch'd my greatest Enemy;  
*Warwick* will make, and unmake no more Kings.

*Ric.* And the bold Amazon Queen, and insolent Boy,  
Her fierce Son *Edward*, are both taken Prisoners.  
I've order'd, Sir, they shall attend you here.  
And here they are.

*Enter Queen, Prince, Guarded as Prisoners.*

*Ed.* So, Madam! — and young *Edward*,  
What satisfaction will you make to me,  
For all the Mischief you have done my Kingdom,  
And all the Trouble you have given me?

*Pr.* What satisfaction wilt thou make my Father,  
Me, and the Kingdom, for thy bold usurping  
My Fathers Crown, and my inheritance,  
Ruining us, and slaughtering our people?

*Qu.* Oh! that thy Father had been so resolv'd!

K

*Ric.*

*Ric.* That so your Distaff might have been our Scepter.

*Pr.* Why, how now Æsop? Nay, mistake me not,  
Æsop I mean in Body not in mind.

*Ric.* Brat! ——— I will crush thy brains out.

*Ed.* Hold, forbear ———

He is a Boy.

*Ric.* Why, then to School with him,  
To learn him manners.

*Pr.* If I learn thy manners,  
The Devil must be my Tutour.

*Ed.* Hold your peace,  
You foolish Child.

*Geo.* The Boy's too malapert.

*Pr.* The man is too perjur'd, I mean perjur'd *George*,  
And you are all Traytors to me your Prince.

*Ed.* How now, proud Boy? take that.

*[Strikes him with his hand.]*

*Ric.* Nay, then take that ———

*Geo.* And that for twitting me with Perjury.

*[Rich. and Geo. draw, and kill him.]*

*Qu.* Oh! they have kill'd my Son — oh murderers!  
Oh! kill me too.

*Ric.* Marry with all my heart!

*[The Qu. swoons upon the Prince.]*

*Ed.* Hold, Brother, we have done too much already.  
Why wou'd you cruelly kill the poor Boy?  
I struck him in my Choler, but I meant him  
No farther harm.

*Ric.* Who cou'd forbear? ——— besides,  
Shou'd we have let him live to cut our Throats?

*Geo.* What wou'd have grown up with him but Rebellion?  
Why shou'd a Sprig grow up to be a Tree,  
That wou'd breed nothing else but Caterpillars?

*Ed.* His Mother Swoon's, use means for her recovery.

*Qu.* Oh, my dear Son is kill'd! my Son is kill'd!  
Speak to thy Mother, Son! can't thou not speak?

Oh murd'ers, Butchers, Traytors, Cannibals!

*Ric.* Hence with this rayling Woman.

*Qu.* Ay hence with me,  
Out of the world; I prithee, *Richard*, kill me:

Murder is all the Almes thou givest the miserable;  
Bestow thy bloody Charity upon me;  
Have pity on a Queen, that begs it off thee.

*Ric.* We pity not those that are born to beggery;  
If thou dost beg, 'tis but thy native poverty.

*Ed.*

*Ed.* Insult not o're a miserable Woman ;  
Madam, I pray go hence, you shall be us'd  
With all respect.

*Qu.* All the respect of Murderers  
Is death ; Oh ! bloody *George* do thou bestow it.

*Geo.* I swear I will not do thee so much kindness.

*Qu.* Ay, but thou usest to forswear thy self.

*Ed.* Madam, pray go——

*Qu.* Oh ! *Edward, Richard, George,*  
Be it to you, and yours, as to this Prince,  
For 'twere a shame the Sons of Executioners  
Shou'd e're be Kings.

*Ric.* Away, with her !——away with her.

[*The Guard lead out the Qu. and carry out the Pr.*

Now I will to the *Tower* to dispatch *Henry,*  
Till he be kill'd our work is done by halves.

(*Aside.*

[*Ex.*

*Geo.* Sir, If you please, I'll visit my young *Bride.*

[*Ex.*

*Ed.* I have a Beautious *Bride* to visit too——

[*Ex.*

*Scene, a Room in the Tower, Henry Sleeping. Enter the Ghost of Richard the Second.*

*Gh.* Wake, *Henry,* wake to weep, then sleep for ever ;  
Thy Kingdom's gone, thy only son is kill'd,  
A Dagger is preparing for thy Bosom ;  
And when thy blood is shed, my blood will sleep.  
I'm that King *Richard,* whom thy Grandfather  
Depos'd, and murder'd ; and both long and loud  
My blood for vengeance call'd, and vengeance had,  
First in the wounded Conscience of thy Grandfather,  
Whom all the Royal Oyntment cou'd not heal.  
He liv'd in trouble, and he dy'd with horror.  
And next on the short life of thy great Father ;  
Who liv'd no longer than to beget thee,  
Who hast lost all the glories of thy Father,  
And dost inherit nothing but the curses,  
Due to thy Grand-father ; nor doe's the storm  
Of vengeance only fall on the Usurpers,  
But on the Souls, and miserable Race  
Of all the Traytors, and the Fools, that Flatter'd  
Thy Grandfather's successful Villany ;  
Who did not know, Kings cannot dye alone.  
And now their names are rotting, Children dying,  
Their Houses burnt on Earth, their Souls in Hell.  
Grim at your Grandfathers, you dying wretches

Cover'd all o're with shame, and dust. and bloud:  
 For this Estate their Villany conveigh'd you,  
 Th' ascending dirty Vapours of the Earth  
 Breed all the storms ith' Ayr. When e're Oh! *England*,  
 Thou hast a mind to see thy Cities fir'd,  
 Thy people slaughter'd, and thy Country desolate,  
 Send all the dirty Traytours in the Kingdom  
 To climb the Royal Rights, and Throne invade,  
 Then a high road for vast destruction's made.

*The Ghost goes out, and enters with soft Musick one clad in a white Robe.*

*Spir.* Let not this frightful Vision, pious *Henry*,  
 Disturb thy gentle Soul; it is not rais'd;  
 To breed a storm, now thou art near thy Haven;  
 Rather to calm the Tempest in thy mind,  
 By pointing to thee, on what dismal Rock  
 Thy Kingdom, and thy life are cast away,  
 The bloody usurpation of thy Grandfather.  
 The Crown of *England* is not made of Clay  
 The Common people, so can ne're be crumbled  
 Into that dirt, 'tis not compos'd of it:  
 Nor made of Iron, the Sword, so cannot rust;  
 But of unmingled solid lasting Gold,  
 Of Antient Rights, and 'tis the gift of Heav'n,  
 Therefore to Heaven only can be forfeited,  
 Therefore 'tis call'd Imperial and Sacred,  
 And therefore carefully rail'd in by Laws;  
 And torn will be his sacrilegious hand,  
 Who has no Right to it, and yet dares reach it,  
 And dares presumptuously pretend a Right,  
 Because he stands upon the peoples heads,  
 Such was the bold Ambition of thy Grandfather,  
 And heav'n frowns upon his Sins, not thee:  
 Then do not think thy self unkindly us'd,  
 Religious *Henry*, that Heaven takes away,  
 What is not thine; all that is truly thine  
 Thou shalt not part with, but for great advantages,  
 Thy Son is taken from thee here, to live with thee  
 Above for ever; thou shalt lose thy life,  
 Only to exchange it for Eternity;  
 Lose humble quiet, for exalted Joy;  
 A taste of which wasted in Heavenly Harmony,  
 Pure as this lower drossy air admits,  
 I bring thee down to raise thy Spirits high.



## A S O N G

*Sung by Spirits to King Henry as he lies asleep.*

**C**ome, Heavenly Spirits, comforts bring,  
To the most miserable thing,  
Can be on Earth, a Ruin'd King.

*As all the Foyes on Earth Unite,  
To make his prosp'rous Fortune bright ;  
So every woe, to shade his Night.*

*He has but one poor Joy, the Grave,  
A thing that's free to every Slave,  
And that with ease he cannot have.*

*For Daggers, Swords, and Poyson lye  
To guard his Tomb, and make him buy  
With pain the wretched ease to dye.*

*But comfort, Prince, thy death is near,  
For Dead thou hast no more to fear,  
A fallen Monarchs Hell is here.*

*To Fortune he can nothing owe,  
For all that e're she did bestow,  
He payes again in heavy woe.*

*They Vanish; and Henry wakes.*

*Hen. What have I seen and heard?—Oh! come my murderers,  
And set me forwards on my way to Heaven,  
Whilst I've such rich provisions for my journey.*

*Enter Richard and the Keeper.*

*Here comes my murderer, less horrid to me  
In bringing Death, than bringing to my sight*

The horrid Author of my sweet Son's death.  
 For so in dream it was reveal'd to me.  
 My bloody Grandfather destroy'd King *Richard*,  
 And now a bloody *Richard* destroys me.

*Ric.* Go, leave us to our selves, we must confer.

*Hen.* What bloody Scene has *Roscius* now to Act?

*Ric.* Do you suspect me? fear haunt's guilty minds;  
 The Thief thinks every bush an Officer.

*Hen.* The Bird that sees the Bush where once it self  
 Was lim'd, and it's sweet young lim'd caught and kill'd,  
 Cannot but hover round it with misdoubt.

*Ric.* What an aspiring Fool was he of *Creet*,  
 VWho taught his Son the office of a Fowl?  
 And drown'd the Boy by teaching him to fly:

*Hen.* Indeed my Boy was *Icarus*, thy Brother  
*Edward* the Sun that did dissolve his wings,  
 And thou the gulph that swallowed up his life.  
 But many a thousand wretched Father more,  
 And many an Orphans water-standing-eye,  
 And many a Widows Groan, and old man's Sigh  
 Shall rue the Hour that ever thou wast born.  
 When thou wast born, nature by horrid signes  
 Gave notice to the world of coming Mischief;  
 The Birds of night did shriek and cry to tell,  
 That Hour there was a Child of darkness born.  
 Winds blew down Trees as hell were making gallowfes,  
 Thy mother had a kind of Hellish pain  
 As She had been in labour of a Devil.  
 Thy legs came first, and thou wert born with Teeth,  
 And cam'st to bite——

*Ric.* I'll hear no more——— dye, Prophet, [Stabs *Hen.*  
 For this (among the rest) I was ordain'd!

*Hen.* I, and for much more slaughter after this.  
 Heaven forgive me my sins, and thee this murder!

*Ric.* Thou didst say truth, I came with my legs forward  
 Into the World, but 'twas to o're take thee,  
 And all that stand between the Crown and me.

*Enter the Lieutenant.*

*Ric.* What noise is that?

*Lieu.* The King is coming, Sir,  
 And all the Court with him, to see the Prisoner,  
 And comfort him; the King intends to keep  
 His Court here till his Coronation.

*Rich.* Nay, then I must be gone, he will be angry  
 At what I've done——

[Ex.

*Enter*

Enter Edward, George, Train, Guard.

Ed. Where is your prisoner?

Lieu. He's murder'd.

Ed. Murder'd? Oh! thou bloody Villain  
Durst thou do this; when I commanded thee  
To give him all Princely respect and usage?

Lieu. Sir, on my knees I do beseech you, hear me:  
Your Brother, my Lord *Richard*, came to visit him,  
And was left with him by his own command,  
And now he's fled; that none but he cou'd do this deed.

Geo. Sir, I believe him; this is like my Brother.

Ed. Heaven to his crooked shape has bent his soul.  
He was design'd for mischief, and thrust forward  
Unfinish'd in the World to lose no time  
And I believe if we don't watch him narrowly,  
He'll make no scruple to use us as rudely,  
For crowding rudely into the world before him;  
But I believe I'm safe, *England*, by this time,  
Has had enough of Rebels, and Usurpers.  
I fancy now the Sons of those poor Gentlemen,  
Those honest foolish cheated Gentlemen,  
Who did turn Rebels but they meant no harm,  
Who fought their King, slaughter'd their Friends, and Kinsmen,  
Destroy'd their Country, but they meant no harm,  
And for reward had all their houses burn'd,  
Their Wives and Daughters ravished, their lands seiz'd,  
And themselves knock'd o'th' head, but meant no harm.  
I say, I fancy their unhappy Off-spring  
Will prove exceeding honest Loyal Subjects,  
For by their Fathers Ruine they have learnt VVit.

Geo. That's all a Nation gets by Civil War.

Ed. Yes, with the Prodigal they learn, 'tis better  
Obeying their Kings, the Fathers of their Country,  
Than run and wast their Fortune and their Liberties,  
And do the drudgeries of proud Usurpers,  
Who will perhaps set 'em to keep their Swine.  
And after a long beggery and slavery  
Return with shame and sorrow to their Loyalty.  
Take up the Body of that unfortunate Prince,  
I will bestow Royal interment on it.  
His, and the Kingdom's dreadful Ruines prove,  
A Monarch's Right is an unshaken Rock,  
No storms of War nor time can wear away,  
And Wracks those Pirates that come there for prey.

[Ex.

EPILOGUE.

# EPILOGUE.

**T**O a cloy'd lover, with his Mistress tyr'd,  
 How pall'd she seems, who once was so desir'd?  
 He Shuns her sight, and when she comes to sin,  
 Damn her, he cries; tell her I'm not within:

So nauseous and unpleasant now are grown  
 All the delights of wit to this cloyd Town.  
 Now on Religious Brawls your time you spend;  
 When sinners grow devout, they're near their end.  
 The Nation, of a natural humour Gay,  
 That in vile Pamphlets does begin to pray  
 The ayd of Rascals for her sickly State,  
 Is in a malady as desperate  
 As the young Spark, who late Religion scorn'd,  
 Grown deadly sick, is a Fanatick turn'd,  
 And begs, in bits o' Paper up and down,  
 The Prayers of all the Godly of the Town.  
 Oh! we are sick, at least our brains are bad,  
 England is ne're devout till it is mad.  
 Our Fathers to their cost did find it so,  
 And small things will make mad men fight, you know.  
 Oh! what a Bedlam once was this sweet place,  
 When graceless Rogues did Fight about free-grace?  
 And wilful Fools won'd obstinately spill  
 His blood, who durst say man had a free-will?  
 Of all our Civil broyles, those we have shewn  
 To day, our Nation with least shame may own.  
 For Subjects then for loyalty did fight,  
 And Princes to maintain their Royal Right.  
 Yet those rich Ornaments were very far  
 From gracing that fowl Monster Civil-War.  
 How ugly then she is when ridden blind,  
 With Pope before, but Presbyter behind?  
 Such a poor Nation's case is very evil:  
 Those two won'd ride a Kingdom to the Devil.  
 Learn then, by what you have beheld to day,  
 To keep your wit, and money whilest you may;  
 Better at Dice to throw away your Wealth,  
 Your time at cursed Plays, with Punks your health,  
 Than by damn'd senseless bloody strifes, about  
 No one knows what, be trod on by the Rout,  
 Have your Wealth plunder'd, and your brain beat out,  
 And dye like Jesuites to be thought devout.

FINIS.